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HOMESTEAD AND ITS PERILOUS TRADES.

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT.

By Hamlin Garland.

A COLD, thin October rain was falling as I took the little ferry-boat and crossed the Monongahela River to see Homestead and its iron-mills. The town, infamously historic already, sprawled over the irregular hillside, circled by the cold gray river. On the flats close to the water's edge there were masses of great sheds, out of which grim smoke-stacks rose with a desolate effect, like the black stumps of a burned forest of great trees. Above them dense clouds of sticky smoke rolled heavily away.

Higher up the tenement-houses stood in dingy rows, alternating with vacant lots. Higher still stood some Queen Anne cottages, toward which slender sidewalks climbed like goat paths.

The streets of the town were horrible; the buildings were poor; the sidewalks were sunken, swaying, and full of holes, and the crossings were sharp-edged stones set like rocks in a river bed. Everywhere the yellow mud of the street lay kneaded into a sticky mass, through which groups of pale, lean men slouched in faded garments, grimy with the soot and grease of the mills.

The town was as squalid and unlovely as could well be imagined, and the people were mainly of the discouraged and sullen type to be found everywhere where labor passes into the brutalizing stage of severity. It had the disorganized and incoherent effect of a town which has feeble public spirit. Big industries at differing eras have produced squads of squalid tenement-houses far from the central portion of the town, each plant bringing its gangs of foreign laborers in raw masses to camp down like an army around its shops.

Such towns are sown thickly over the hill-lands of Pennsylvania, but this was my first descent into one of them. They are American only in the sense in which they represent the American idea of business.

The Carnegie mills stood down near the river at some distance from the ferry landing, and thither I took my way through the sticky yellow mud and the gray falling rain. I had secured for my guide a young man whose life had been passed in Homestead and who was quite familiar with the mills and workmen. I do not think he over-stated the hardships of the workmen, whose duties he thoroughly understood. He spoke frankly and without undue prejudice of the management and the work.

We entered the yard through the fence which was aggrandized into a stockade during the riots of a year ago. We were in the yard of the

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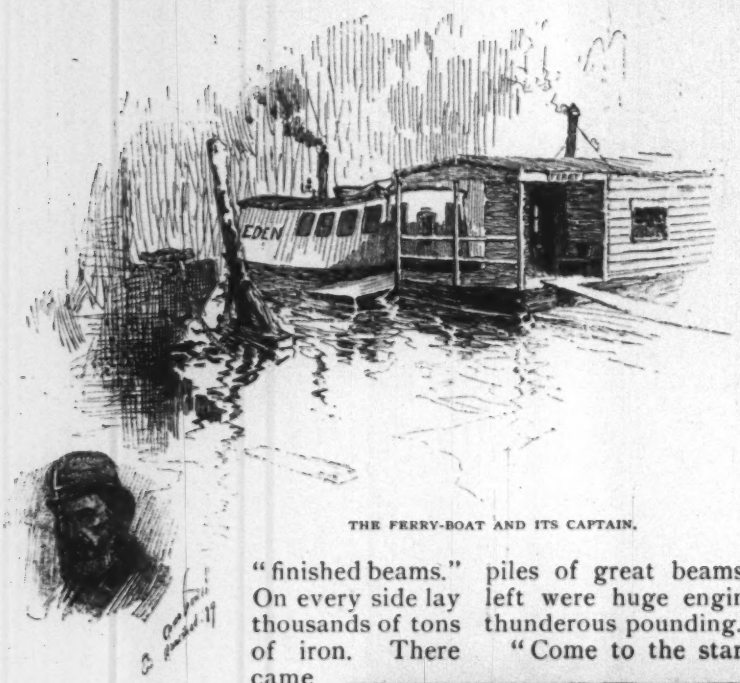


THE FERRY-BOAT AND ITS CAPTAIN.

finest in the world," my guide said. It was an immense shed, open at the sides, and filled with a mixed and intricate mass of huge machinery. On every side tumultuous action seemed to make every inch of ground dangerous. Savage little engines went rattling about among the piles of great beams. Dimly on my left were huge engines, moving with thunderous pounding.

"Come to the starting point," said "finished beams." On every side lay thousands of tons of iron. There came toward us a group of men pushing a cart laden with girders for building. They were lean men, pale and grimy. The rain was falling upon them. They wore a look of stoical indifference, though one or two of the younger fellows were scuffling as they pushed behind the car.

Farther on was heard the crashing thunder of falling iron plates, the hoarse coughing of great engines, and the hissing of steam. Suddenly through the gloom I caught sight of the mighty up-soaring of saffron and sapphire flame, which marked the draught of the furnace of the Bessemer steel plant far down toward the water. It was a magnificent contrast to the dusky purple of the great smoky roofs below.

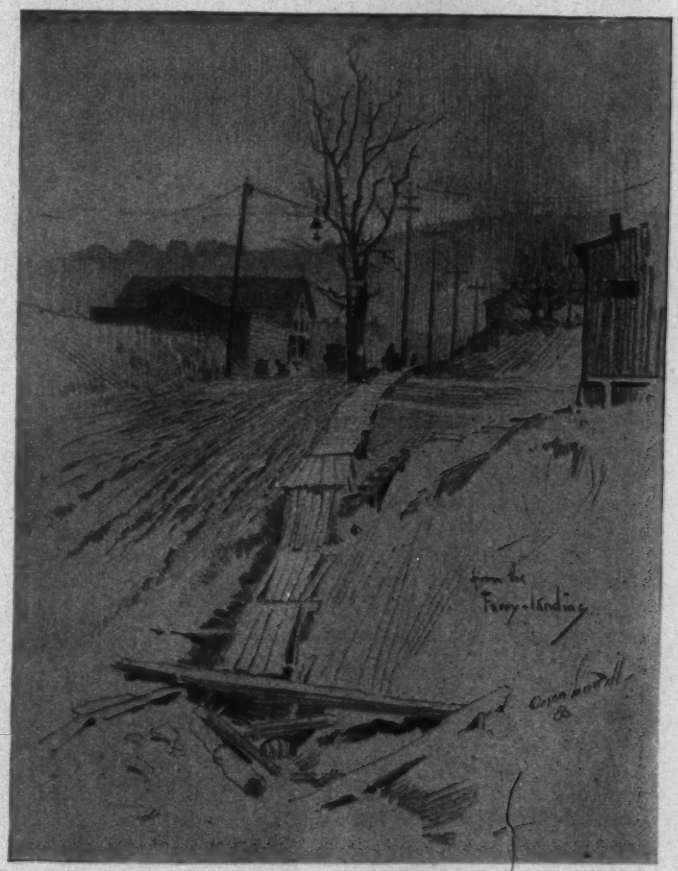
The great building which we entered first was a beam mill, "one of the

CROSSING THE MONONGAHELA.

my guide. I followed him timidly far up toward the other end, my eyes fixed on the beautiful glow of a red-hot bloom of metal swung high in the air. It lighted the interior with a glorious light.

I was looking at this beautiful light when my guide pulled me suddenly behind some shelter. The furious scream of a saw broke forth, the monstrous exaggeration of a circular wood-saw—a saw that melted its way through a beam of solid iron with deafening outcry, producing a gigantic glowing wheel of spattering sparks of golden fire. While it lasted all else was hid from sight.

"That's the saw which cuts the beams of iron into lengths as ordered," my guide said, and we hurried past.



UP THE STREET FROM THE FERRY LANDING.

Everywhere in this pandemoniac shed was the thunder of reversing engines, the crash of falling iron, the rumbling growl of rollers, the howl of horrible saws, the deafening hiss of escaping steam, the wild vague shouts of workmen.

"Here are the ingots of steel, just as they come from the Bessemer converting mill," said my guide, pointing toward the mouth of the shed where some huge hunks of iron lay. "And there are the 'soaking pits,' or upright furnaces, where they are heated for rolling. They are perpendicular furnaces, or pits, you see."

We moved toward the mouths of the pits, where a group of men stood with long shovels and bars in their hands. They were touched with orange light, which rose out of the pits. The pits looked like wells or cisterns of white-hot metal. The men signalled a boy, and the huge covers, which hung on wheels, were moved to allow them to peer in at the metal. They threw up their elbows before their eyes, to shield their faces from the heat, while they studied the ingots within.

"It takes grit to stand there in July and August," said my guide. "Don't it, Joe?" he said to one of the men whom he knew. The man nodded, but was too busy to do more.

"I'd as soon go to hell at once," I replied. He laughed.

"But that isn't all. Those pits have to have their bottoms made after every 'heat,' and they can't wait for 'em to cool. The men stand by and work over them when it's hot enough to burn your boot-soles. Still it beats the old horizontal furnace."

A huge crane swung round and dipped into one of the pits and rose

again, bringing one of the ingots, which was heated to proper point for rolling. Its glow made the eye recoil, and threw into steel-blue relief the gray outside rain. It was about six feet long and twenty inches square.

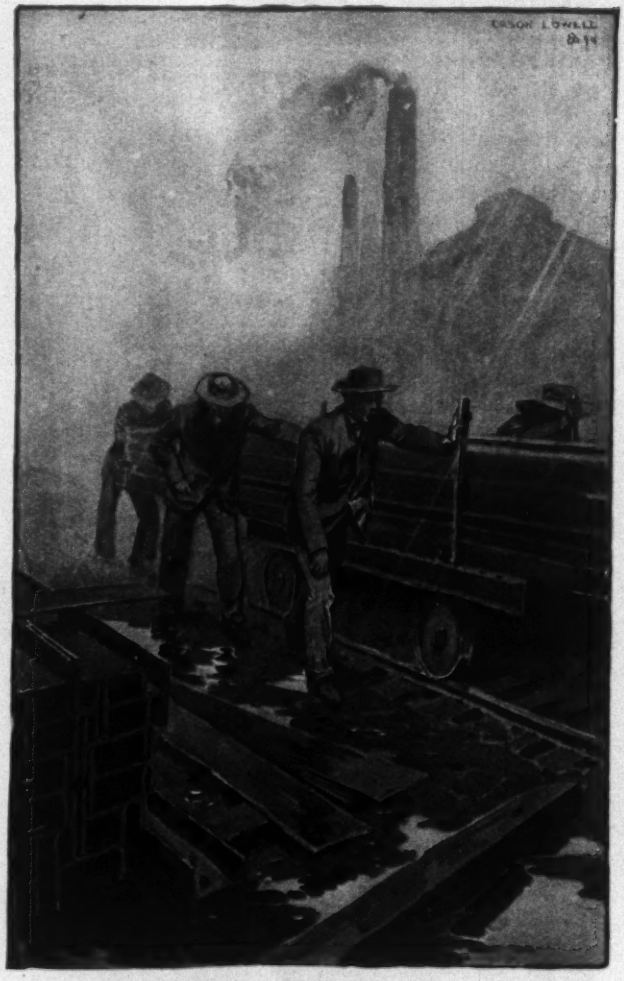
The crane swung round and laid it upon a roadway of steel travellers that carried it up to the waiting jaws of the rollers. High up above it stood the chief "roller," with his hand upon a lever, and as the glowing mass ambled forward, his eyes gauged it, and his hand controlled it.

Like a bar of soap through a wringer it went, and as it passed it lowered and lengthened, exploding at the end into flaming scales of fire.

"The power of two thousand five hundred horses is in that engine," said my guide. "The actual squeezing power exerted is of course several thousand tons."

Back the bar came with the same jar and tumult, a little longer and a little thinner; back and forth, until it grew into a long band of pink and rose purple. A swift and dangerous dragon that engine, whose touch was deadly. Thence the bar passed to the monstrous saw whose ear-splitting howl rose at intervals as it cut the beams into fixed lengths. From this the pieces passed into a low flat oven flaming fiercely; there to be kept hot while waiting their turn in the next process.

They passed finally to the "finishing rollers," where they took the completed form of building beams. A vast carrier which moved sidewise with rumbling roar conveyed them across the intervening space. A man rode this carrier like a mahout his elephant, occupying a small platform high on the pyramidal mass of machinery.



IN THE "FINISHED BEAMS" YARD.

Up at the pits again I stood to watch the "heaters" at their task. The crane and the travellers handled these huge pieces of iron deftly and surely, and moulded them into shape, as a girl might handle a cake of dough. Machinery has certainly come in here to lessen the horrors of the iron-worker's life, to diminish the number of deaths by exploding metal or by the leap of curling or breaking beams.

I watched the men as they stirred the deeps beneath. I could not help admiring the swift and splendid action of their bodies. They had the silence and certainty one admires in the tiger's action. I dared not move for fear of flying metal, the swift swing of a crane,

THE TOOTHLESS SAW CUTTING BEAMS SIMPLY BY FRICTION. (THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE.)

or the sudden lurch of a great carrier. The men could not look out for me. They worked with a sort of desperate attention and alertness.

"That looks like hard work," I said to one of them to whom my companion introduced me. He was breathing hard from his work.

"Hard! I guess it's hard. I lost forty pounds the first three months I came into this business. It sweats the life out of a man. I often drink two buckets of water during twelve hours; the sweat drips through my sleeves, and runs down my legs and fills my shoes."

"But that isn't the worst of it," said my guide; "it's a dog's life. Now, those men work twelve hours, and sleep and eat out ten more. You can see a man don't have much time for anything else. You can't see your friends, or do anything but work. That's why I got out of it. I used to come home so exhausted, staggering like a man with a 'jag.' It ain't any place for a sick man—is it, Joe?"

Joe was a tall young fellow, evidently an assistant at the furnace. He smiled. "It's all the work I want, and I'm no chicken—feel that arm."

I felt his arm. It was like a billet of steel. His abdomen was like a sheet of boiler iron. The hair was singed from his hands and arms by the heat of the furnace.

"The tools I handle weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, and four o'clock in August they weigh about a ton."

"When do you eat?"

"I have a bucket of 'grub'; I eat when I can. We have no let-up for eating. This job I'm on now isn't so bad as it might be, for we're running easy; but when we're running full, it's all I can stand."

One of the men made a motion, and the ponderous cover moved a little to one side, and the bottom-makers ran long bars down into the pit and worked desperately, manipulating the ganister which lined the sides. The vivid light seemed to edge them with flame.

"Yes, sir; that is a terrible job in summer," repeated my companion. "When the whole mill is hot, and you're panting for breath, it takes nerve to walk up to that soaking pit or a furnace door."

"Oh, well, when you get ready to go home, your carriage comes for you, I suppose," I said to Joe.

He looked at me with a look that was not humorous. "I pattered down here in the mud, and crawled through a hole in the fence. That's the way I'll crawl home to-morrow morning at six. That's the way we all do."

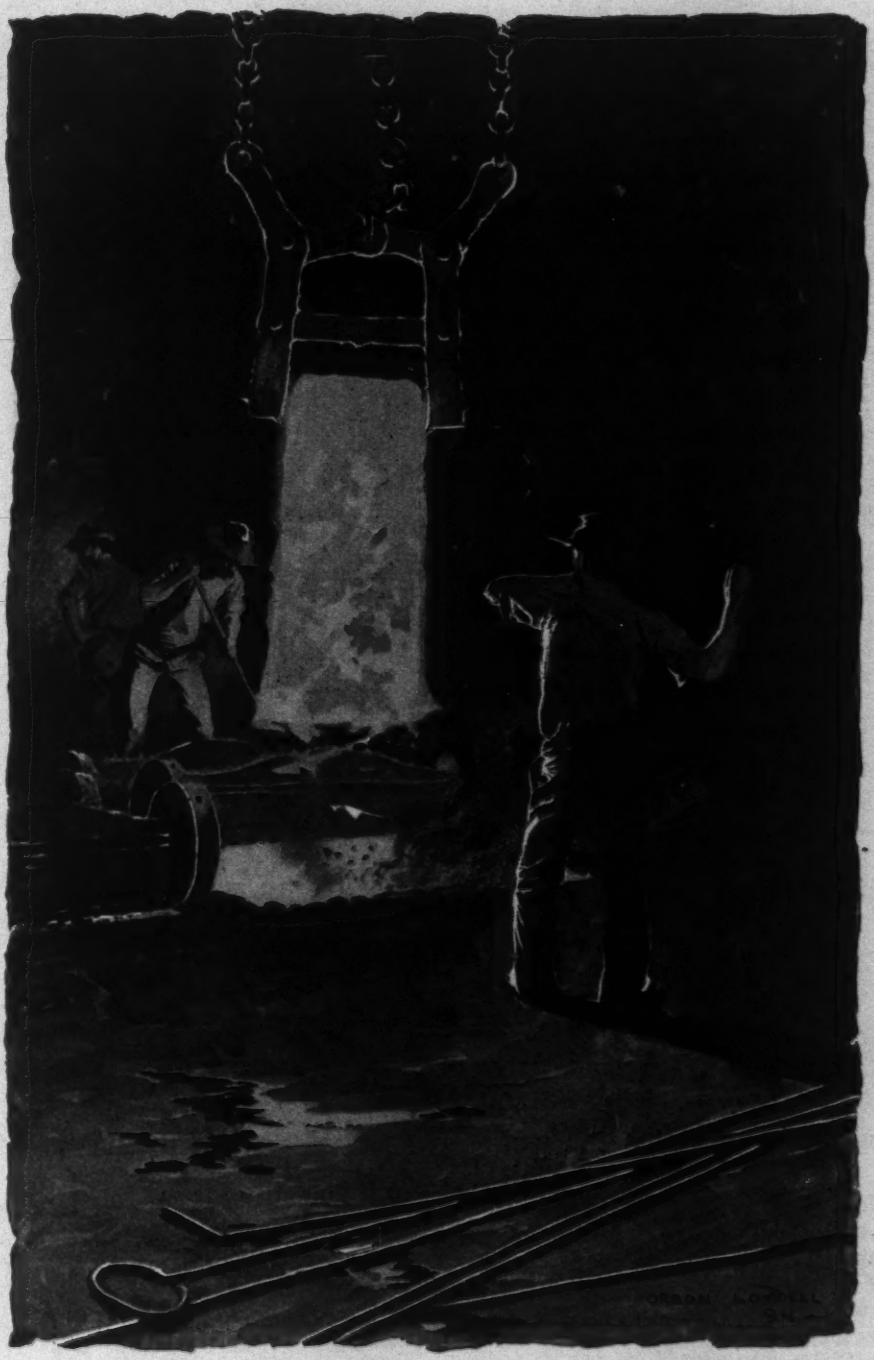
He turned suddenly and pointed at a pale, stoop-shouldered man in grimy clothes. "There's one of the best-paid men in the mill. See any kid gloves on him? He'd look gay in a carriage at six o'clock in the morning, wouldn't he?"

I watched the man as he climbed to his perch on the great carrier that handled the beams, passing them from the rough roller to the finishing roller. As he took his place a transformation took place in him. He became alert, watchful, and deft. He was a man heavily marked by labor.

We went on into the boiler-plate mills, still noisier, still more grandiose in effect. The rosy slabs of iron were taken from the white-hot furnaces by a crane (on which a man sat and swung, moving with it, guiding it) quite as in the beam mill. They were dropped upon a similar set of travellers, but as they passed through the rollers a man flung a shovelful of salt upon them, and each slab gave off a terrific exploding roar, like a hundred guns sounding together. As they passed to and fro, they grew thinner in form and richer in tone. The water which sprayed them ran about, fled and returned in dark spatters, like flocks of frightened spiders. The sheet warped and twisted, and shot forward with a menacing action which made me shiver.

Everywhere in this enormous building were pits like the mouth of hell, and fierce ovens giving off a glare of heat, and burning wood and iron, giving off horrible stenches of gases. Thunder upon thunder, clang upon clang, glare upon glare! Torches flamed far up in the dark spaces above. Engines moved to and fro, and steam sissed and threatened.

Everywhere were grimy men with



"A HUGE CRANE SWUNG ROUND AND DIPPED INTO ONE OF THE PITS AND ROSE AGAIN, BRINGING ONE OF THE INGOTS . . ."

IN THE "ROUGHING" OR "BREAK-DOWN" MILL: THE "ROUGH" ROLLS MERELY GIVE THE BEAM SHAPE; FROM THEM IT IS PASSED THROUGH THE "FINISHING" ROLLS.

sallow and lean faces. The work was of the inhuman sort that hardens and coarsens.

"How long do you work?" I asked of a young man who stood at the furnace near me.

"Twelve hours," he replied. "The night set go on at six at night and come off at six in the morning. I go on at six and off at six."

"For how much pay?"

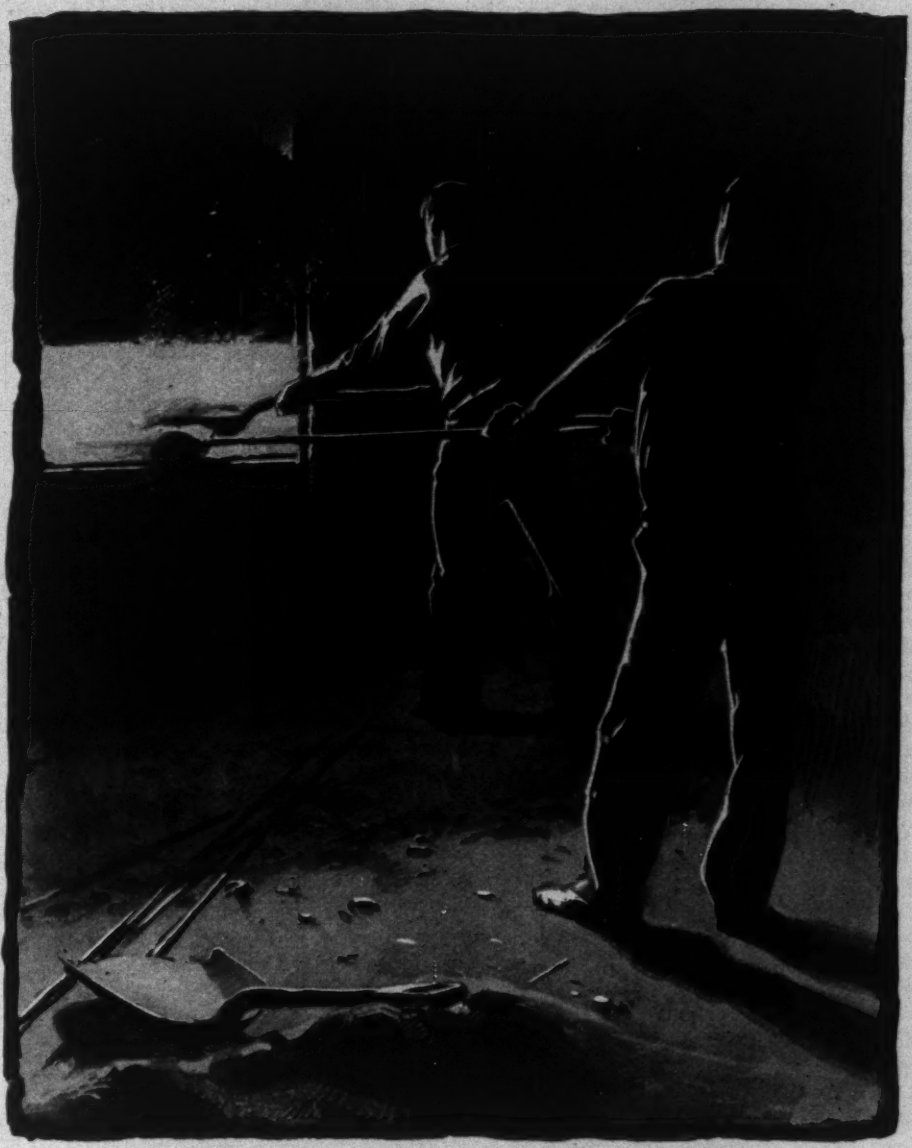
"Two dollars and a quarter."

"How much do those men get shovelling there in the rain?"

"One dollar and forty cents." (A cut has since taken place.)

"What proportion of the men get that pay?"

"Two-thirds of the whole plant, nearly two thousand. There are thirty-five hundred men in the mills. They get all prices, of course, from a dollar and forty cents up to the tonnage men, who get five and ten



LINING A FURNACE.

dollars per day when the mills run smooth."

"I suppose not many men make ten dollars per day."

"Well, hardly." He smiled. "Of course the 'rollers' and the 'heaters' get the most, but there are only two 'rollers' to each mill, and three 'heaters,' and they are responsible for their product. The most of the men get under two dollars per day."

"And it is twelve hours' work without stop?"

"You bet! And then again you see we only get this pay part of the time. The mills are liable to be shut down part of the year. They shut down part of the night sometimes, and of course we're docked. Then, again, the tendency of the proprietors is to cut down the tonnage men; that is, the 'rollers' and 'heaters' are now paid

by the ton, but they'll some day be paid by the day, like the rest of us."

"You bet they will," said my guide, who seemed quite familiar with the facts.

"Of course, you understand the tonnage men are responsible for their product. You see the improvement of machinery helps them, but it don't help the common laborer much. It wouldn't help the tonnage men if the company could fill their places cheaper. They don't pay them by the ton because they want to, but because they have to. But the tonnage men 'll get it next year."

"That's right," said the man at the furnace door, as he seized his shovel to "line" the furnace.

The helper wheeled in a load of sand and gravel before the furnace door. He signalled a boy, the heavy iron door rose, the "heater" seized one of the long shovels, the helper lifted it with his own shovel and placed it in the mouth of the furnace and swiftly heaped it with sand. The "heater" ran the shovel in and turned it over on a thin place in the lining, and smoothed the sand out with desperate haste. The helper lifted the now red-hot shovel to the next door. The cover rose, and the process repeated. In each oven the beams reposed like potatoes in an oven.

By the time the helper had a moment to spare he was wet with sweat. As he stood near me I noticed his grimy and sooty shirt, which lay close to his lean chest.

"One of the worst features about this thing is the sudden change of temperature. Now, that man's reeking with sweat, and this cold wind blowing upon him," I said to my guide. "It's always too hot or too cold."

I was shivering with the chill, and it seemed to be almost certain sickness to stand thus exposed to the wind which swept through.

When these beams were "done" to a white heat, a massive carrier, with nippers like huge tongs, moved with a sidewise rush before one of the oven doors. A shout to the boy high against the wall, and the cover again rose, the carrier thrust its two hands in and hauled out the glowing beam, and from thence swung it upon the roadway of travellers, whence it galloped like a live thing into the jaws of the rollers.

We passed on into the older mills, where cruder methods are still in use. Man seems closer to the hot iron here. Everywhere dim figures with grappling hooks worked silently and desperately, guiding, measuring, controlling, moving masses of white-hot metal. High up the superintending foremen, by whistle or shout, arrested the movement of the machinery and the gnome-like figures beneath.

Here were made the steel rails for street railways. The process was the same in essence. Each crude mass of metal was heated in oven-like furnaces tended by dim figures of bare-armed men, thence drawn by cranes and swung upon a roadway and thrust into the rollers. Then it ran back and forth,

IN THE CONVERTING MILL: POURING FROM THE CONVERTER INTO THE LADLE.

THE CONVERTING MILL: THE CONVERTER IN BLAST AS SEEN FROM OUTSIDE. BY THE LIGHT REFLECTED FROM IT ONE CAN READ A PAPER A MILE AWAY.

back and forth, lengthening into a swift and terrible serpent of red. One that I saw had split at the end, and its resemblance to a serpent was startling as it shot toward us in sinuous thrust.

Upon such toil rests the splendor of American civilization.

The converting mill was the most gorgeous and dangerous of all. Here the crude product is turned into steel by the Bessemer process. It also was a huge shed-like building open on two sides. In the centre stood supports for two immense pear-shaped pots, which swung on pivots ten or twelve feet from the floor. Over each pot was a huge chimney. Out of each pot roared alternately a ferocious geyser of saffron and sapphire flame, streaked with deeper yellow.* From it a light streamed—a light that flung violet shadows everywhere and made the gray outside rain a beautiful blue.

WORKMAN WARMING HIS DINNER ON A HOT BRICK.

A fountain of sparks arose, gorgeous as ten thousand rockets, and fell with a beautiful curve, like the petals of some enormous flower. Overhead the beams were glowing orange in a base of purple. The men were yellow where the light struck them, violet in shadow. Wild shouts resounded amid the rumbling of an overhead train, and the squeal of a swift little engine, darting in and out laden with the completed castings. The pot began to burn with a whiter flame. Its fluttering, humming roar silenced all else.

"It is nearly ready to pour," said my companion; "the carbon is nearly burnt away."

"Why does it burn so ferociously?"

"Through the pivot a blast of oxygen is delivered with an enormous pressure. This unites with the silicon and carbon and carries it away to the surface. He'd better pour now, or the metal will burn."

Underneath the other pot men were shovelling away slag in the rain of falling sparks. They worked with desperate haste. To their wrists dangled disks of leather to protect their hands from heat. It was impossible to see what manner of men they were. They resembled human beings only in form.

A shout was heard, and a tall crane swung a gigantic ladle under the converting vessel, which then mysteriously up-ended, exploding like a cannon a prodigious discharge of star-like pieces of white-hot slag. The "blowers" on their high platform across the shed sheltered themselves behind a wall.

I drew back into the rain. "They call this the death-trap," shouted my companion, smiling at my timid action.

Down came the vessel, until out of it streamed the smooth flow of terribly beautiful molten metal. As it ran nearly empty and the ladle swung away, the dripping slag fell to the ground exploding, leaping viciously, and the scene became gorgeous beyond belief, with orange and red and green flame.

Into this steam and smoke and shower of sparks the workmen leapt, and were dimly seen preparing for another blast, prying off crusted slag,

* See frontispiece, page 2.

spraying the ladle, and guiding the cranes.

Meanwhile, high up above them in the tumult, an engine backed up with a load of crude molten iron, discharged into the converter, and the soaring saffron and orange and sapphire flames began again.

"Yes, the men call this the death-trap," repeated my guide, as we stood in the edge of the building; "they wipe a man out here every little while."

"In what way does death come?" I asked.

"Oh, all kinds of ways. Sometimes a chain breaks, and a ladle tips over, and the iron explodes—like that." He pointed at the newly emptied retort, out of which the drippings fell into the water which lay beneath like pools of green gold. As it fell, each drop exploded in a dull report.

"Sometimes the slag falls on the workmen from that roadway up there. Of course, if everything is working all smooth and a man watches out, why, all right! But you take it after they've been on duty twelve hours without sleep, and running like hell, everybody tired and loggy, and it's a different story."

IN THE PLATE MILL: THE CRANE BEARING A SLAB TO THE ROLLS.

My guide went on:

"You take it back in the beam mill—you saw how the men have to scatter when the carriers or the cranes move—well, sometimes they don't get out of the way; the men who should give warning don't do it quick enough."

"What do those men get who are shovelling slag up there?"

"Fourteen cents an hour. If they

worked eight hours, like a carpenter, they'd get one dollar and twelve cents."

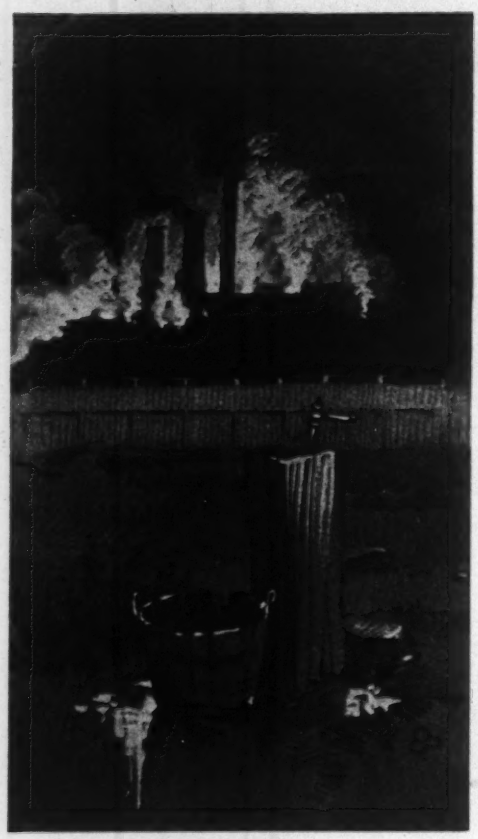
"So a man works in peril of his life for fourteen cents an hour," I remarked.

"That's what he does. It ain't the only business he does it in, though."

"No," put in a young villager, who was looking on like ourselves. "A man'll do most anything to live."

"Just as everywhere, the man who does the hardest work gets the poorest pay," I said, remembering Shelley's discovery.

We moved away, back toward the great plate mill. The lifting crane fascinated me. A man perched upon it like a monkey on the limb of a tree; and the creature raised, swung, lowered, shot out, opened its monstrous beak, seized the slab of iron, retreated, lifted, swung and dropped it upon the carriers. It was like a living thing, some strange creature unabashed by heat or heavy weights. To get in its way meant death. To guide it for twelve hours without accident exhausts a workman like running an engine on an express-train.



THE MILLS AS SEEN FROM THE BACKYARD OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

We stood to watch the making of rails. And as the rosy serpent grew slenderer and swifter it seemed to take on life. It curved lightly, unaccountably, and shot with menacing mouth past groups of workmen.

"Sometimes they break," said my guide, "and then they sweep things." And his words pictured the swing of a red-hot scythe.

"The wonder to me is, you don't all die of exposure and the changes of heat and cold."

My guide looked serious. "You don't notice any old men here." He swept his hand about the building. "It shortens life, just like mining; there is no question about that. That, of course, doesn't enter into the usual statement. But the long hours, the strain, and the sudden changes of temperature use a man up. He quits before he gets fifty. I can see lots of fellows here who are failing. They'll lay down in a few years. I went all over that, and I finally came to the decision that I'd peddle groceries rather than kill myself at this business."

"Well, what is the compensation? I mean, why do men keep on?"

"Oh, the common hands do it because they need a job, I suppose, and fellows like Joe expect to be one of the high-paid men."

"How much would that be per year?"

"Oh, three thousand or possibly four thousand a year."

"Does that pay for what it takes out of you?"

"No, I don't think it does," he confessed. "Still, a man has got to go into something."

As night fell the scene became still more grandiose and frightful. I hardly dared move without direction. The rosy ingots, looking like stumps of trees reduced to coals of living fire, rose from their pits of flame and dropped upon the tables, and galloped head on against the rollers, sending

IN THE PLATE MILL: SALTING THE PLATE. AS THE PLATE PASSES THROUGH THE ROLLS THE SALT IS CRUSHED, AND THE WATER CONTAINED IN IT ESCAPES, AND, BECOMING STEAM, SWEEPS THE PLATE CLEAR OF SCALES.

off flakes of rosy scale. As they went through, the giant engine thundered on, reversing with a sound like a near-by cannon; and everywhere the jarring clang of great beams fell upon the ear. Wherever the saw was set at work, great wheels of fire rose out of the obscure murk of lower shadow.

"I'm glad I don't have to work here for a living," said the young man of the village, who stood near me looking on.

"Oh, this is nothing," said my guide. "You should see it when they're running full in summer. Then it gets *hot* here. Then you should see 'em when they reline the furnaces and converting vessels. Imagine getting into that Bessemer pot in July, hot enough to pop corn; when you had to work like the devil and then jump out to breathe."

"I wouldn't do it," said the young villager; "I'd break into jail first." He had an outside job. He could afford to talk that way.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't; you'd do it. We all submit to such things, out of habit, I guess. There are lots of other jobs as bad. A man could stand work like this six hours a day. That's all a man ought to do at such work. They could do it, too; they wouldn't make so much, but the hands would live longer."

"They probably don't care whether the hands live or die," I said, "provided they do every ounce they can while they do live."

"I guess that's right," said the other young fellow with a wink. "Mill-owners don't run their mills for the benefit of the men."

"How do you stand on the late strike?" I asked another man.

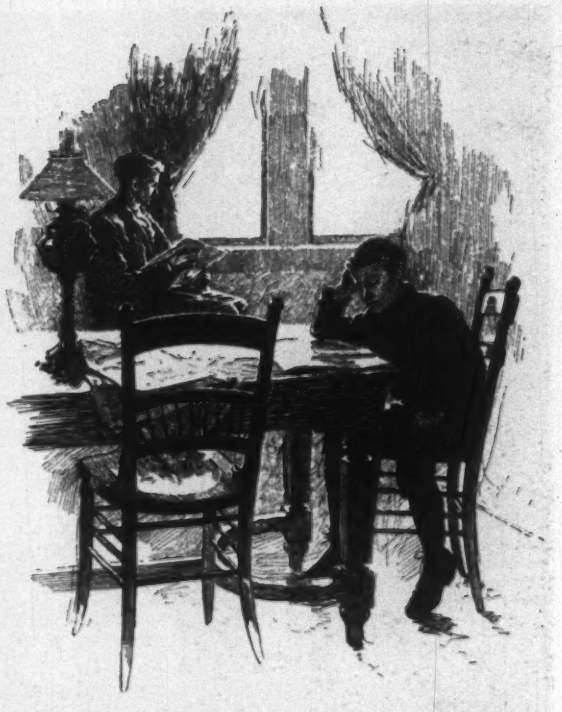
"It's all foolishness; you can't do anything that way. The tonnage men brought it on; they could afford to strike, but we couldn't. The men working for less than two dollars can't afford to strike."

"'While capital wastes, labor starves,'" I ventured to quote.

"That's the idea; we can't hurt Carnegie by six months' starving. It's *our* ribs that'll show through our shirts."

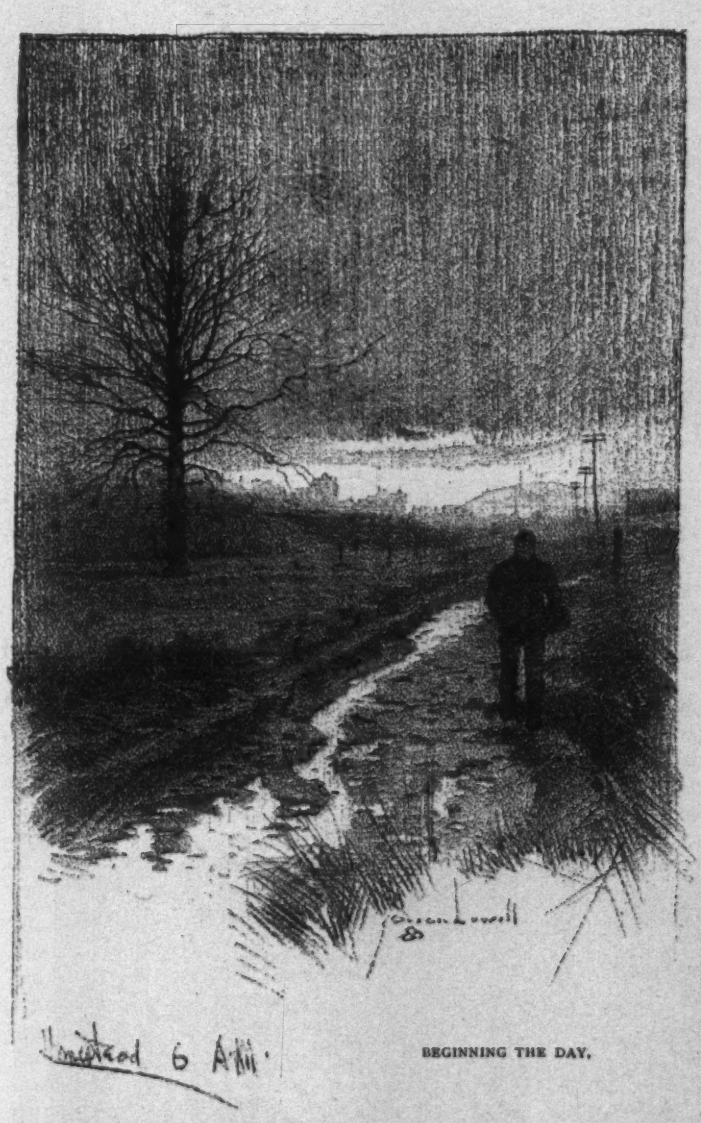
"Then the strikes do not originate among the men of lowest pay?"

"No; a man working for fourteen cents an hour hasn't got any surplus for a strike." He seemed to voice the general opinion.



A roar as of a hundred lions, a thunder as of cannons, flames that made the electric light look like a twinkling blue star, jarring clang of falling iron, burst of spluttering flakes of fire, scream of terrible saws, shifting of mighty trucks with hiss of steam! This was the scene upon which I looked back; this tumult I was leaving. I saw men prodding in the deep soaking pits where the ingots glowed in white-hot chambers. I saw other men in the hot yellow glare from the furnaces. I saw men measuring the serpentine rosy beams. I saw them send the saw flying into them. I saw boys perched high in

CORNER OF LIBRARY AND OF DINING-ROOM IN ONE OF THE COMPANY'S BOARDING-HOUSES.



BEGINNING THE DAY.

cages, their shrill voices sounding wild and animal-like in the midst of the uproar: a place into which men went like men going into war for the sake of wives and children, urged on by necessity, blinded and dulled by custom and habit; an inhuman place to spend four-fifths of one's waking hours. I crawled dismally back to my boarding-place, in the deep darkness, the chill, and the falling rain. The farther I got from those thundering beams and screaming saws, the deeper I drew my breath. Oh, the peace and sweetness of the dim hills across the river!

I ate breakfast the next morning with two of the men I had seen the evening before. There was little of grace or leisurely courtesy in their actions. Their hearts were good, but their manners were those of ceaseless toilers. They resembled a Western threshing crew in all but their pallor.

"The worst part of the whole business is this," said one of them, as I was about saying good-by. "It brutalizes a man. You can't help it. You start in to be a man, but you become more and more a machine, and pleasures are few and far between. It's like any severe labor. It drags you down mentally and morally, just as it does physically. I wouldn't mind it so much if it weren't for the long hours. Many a trade would be all right if the hours could be shortened. Twelve hours is too long."

Again I boarded the little ferry and crossed the Monongahela on my way to the East. Out of those grim chimneys the belching smoke rose, defiling the cool, sweet air. Through this greenish-purple cloud the sun, red and large, glowed like an ingot of steel rising from a pit, filling the smoke with flushes of beautiful orange and rose amid the blue. The river was azure and burning gold, and the sun threw the most glorious shadows behind the

THE OLDEST "COTTAGE" IN HOMESTEAD.

smoke. Beyond lay the serene hills, a deeper purple.

Under the glory of gold and purple I heard the grinding howl of the iron-saws, and the throbbing, ferocious roar of the furnaces. The ferry-boat left a wake of blue that shone like the neck of a dove; and over the hills swept a fresh, moist wind. In the midst of God's bright morning, beside the beautiful river, the town and its industries lay like a cancer on the breast of a human body.

THE GOOD ANGEL.

By Octave Thanet.

WE were a house party spending a few days at Roger's country house at Highland Park. Though Roger is a Chicago lawyer, he was born a Virginian; and we recalled many an evening over a bowl of genuine Virginian eggnog. A noble fire blazed up Roger's colonial chimney, as generous, if not so crooked, as his ancestors' chimneys in Berkeley Manor; and we could, did we choose, rest our eyes from its blinding splendor by a search through the dusk and the moonlit night outside the window-panes, until the vast dark bulk of the lake shaped itself out of the incessant moan of its surf on the beach.

Somehow our talk, which had started lightly enough amid dead-and-gone Virginian revels, sank into a sombre mood, and presently we were discussing, not an occasional misstep over the bounds of temperance, but the black problem of drunkenness itself.

The judge had a high opinion of the Keeley cure; but the doctor believed in legislation backed by a good stiff sentence in prison. Roger had listened, saying nothing, but puffing away at that brier-wood pipe of his that he smokes whenever he is under the protection of his own household gods. At last he removed the pipe and poised it in air, with the manner of one about to speak. We all listened, for Roger does not often discourse out of court; and when he does, he is likely to have something to say. Besides, Roger is the best fellow in the world.

"I have nothing to say against the Keeley cure," said Roger in his soft, deliberative tones. "No doubt it helps some men mightily, and that is not saying that the doctor here cannot give just as good a hypodermic as they give at Dwight; there is the contagion of sympathy and the influence of faith to be taken into account, you know. There is sense, too, in what Ben" (waving the pipe at the doctor) "has to say about fear as a deterrent; and I dare say many fellows have been reformed through their affections, which is the pleasing theory of the ladies. My own impression is, that each case has a possible cure, if we could only find it. I know a man who was scared into reform, and another man who reformed neither from fear nor favor, but principally, I think, because he saw the odiousness of his own vice in another man's actions. That was a queer case."

"You mean Jimmy," said the judge. "See here, Roger, your wife isn't here, and we are all in the family; tell us about Jimmy."

"Patty wouldn't mind, I know. Tell them, Roger," said his sister. So in the end Roger did tell us.

He rubbed the shining top of his head, from which his brown curls are receding; his kind, keen eyes contracted absently; he sighed and began:

"My first acquaintance with Jimmy," said Roger, "goes back to a period that makes me feel my age, for I was old enough to be in Harvard Law School, and Jimmy was in knickerbockers. I found him in a high seat of a circus in Chicago, exulting in the dangers of the trapeze. He had made friends with a newsboy—even at that tender age Jimmy's perilous sociability was in full bloom—and they were exchanging emotions. 'My!' squeals Jimmy, 'ain't she a daring lady! Would your mamma dare do that? Mine wouldn't!'

"'Who is your mamma?' said I, we being already on terms of *camaraderie*, thanks to the balmy influences of peanuts and pink lemonade. Jimmy answered frankly: 'Oh, my mamma is Mrs. James Cunningham, and I ain't got any papa, and we don't live in Chicago, but we're visiting my Aunt Sue, and Ralph wouldn't take me to the cir-

cus, so I ran away.' I surmised that his mother was dragging all the cisterns and harassing the police about him by this time, and I wheedled him into giving me the street number, and the upshot of the incident was, I returned him to his mother that afternoon. That is how I became acquainted with the Cunninghams. I have felt a sneaking obligation to Jimmy ever since. There were only Patty and Jimmy in the family. I married Patty. Mr. Cunningham left his fortune unconditionally to his wife. There was half a million dollars—enough to spoil a boy; not enough to fill him with the sense of obligation that sometimes a great fortune will bring. It did spoil Jimmy. He was at my wedding, the sweetest little golden-haired angel in blue velvet you ever saw. And after the wedding breakfast, while Patty was trying to console her mother, he tied an old shoe full of rice to the bridal carriage, and then confiscated a bottle of champagne to cheer some choice friend of his waiting in the stable, and contrived during the revel to tumble out of the second-story window and break his collar-bone, which his mother thought was punishment enough.

"I didn't; but I was too new to the family circle to be loud in my opinions. I didn't hear very much more of Jimmy that year, until he got into a mess at school, and the master being a friend of mine, I had to beg the young rascal out of his just deserts. Naturally, after that, it fell to me to pull Master Jim out of hot water as a regular job. I must say it was a pretty steady job, too. He was expelled from two schools, where he had been so popular that he returned home with a miscellany of tokens of regret in the shape of broken pocket-knives, old cravats, a revolver without any cartridges, and three trained mice. It was Mrs. Cunningham's notion to have a tutor for him. Digby was an innocent young fellow in training for a clergyman. He was so innocent that Jim worked his sprees off on him as malaria. Like every one else, he grew fond of Jimmy; and Jimmy liked him so much that he borrowed money to buy Digby a gold watch when they parted. He taught poor Digby draw poker, and when the malaria wasn't too bad Digby taught him the classics. Really Digby did push him through the college examinations. To be sure he was heavily conditioned, and dropped the next year; but you couldn't blame his tutor for that.

"Then Ralph took Jimmy into the business, just as I was beginning to fear Mrs. Cunningham would regard the law as the best reform school for a wild young man, and saddle Jim on me.

"Poor Ralph kept Jim a year. Then he came to me very solemnly, and told me about the Keeley cure, and was sure it would make a man of Jim.

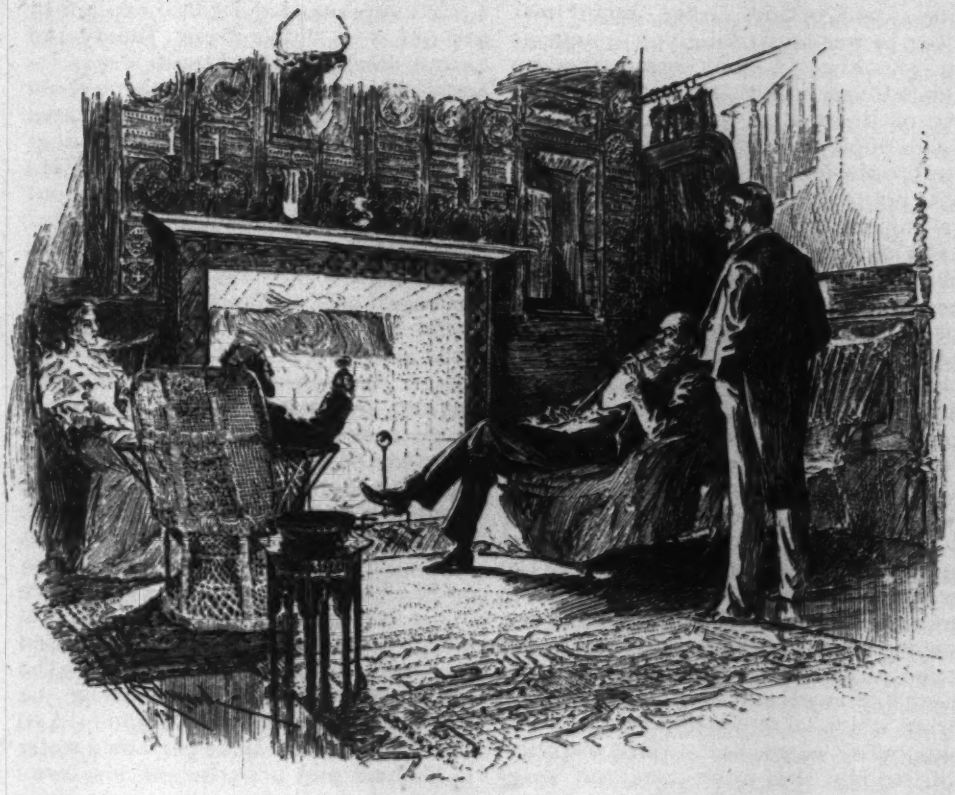
"Well, I should not like to offer Jim's case in disparagement of the Dwight work. He offered to bet it wouldn't cure him; and only went, as he expressed it, 'to oblige the ladies.'

"The worst thing about Jim was, that he liked his evil ways. He was the most unabashed sinner you ever saw. He went through a certain form of penitence when he was getting over a fit of intoxication; but he announced boldly that he didn't intend to give up his times—only, in deference to the morbid sensitiveness of his family, he might agree to have rather fewer of them. I assure you he would argue the matter cool as a darky with a chicken under his hat. It was a redeeming trait of my gentleman that he wasn't a little bit of a hypocrite. 'You have no idea, Roger, what a glorious sensation it is to let yourself go,' says he. 'You deadly respectable fellows that are forever choking your natural passions, and handcuffing any instinct that is a bit wild, you don't realize the tremendous exhilaration there is in the gallop.'

"At this he swung round in his chair, and says he, 'I say, Roger, were you ever drunk?'"

"Well," said Roger's sister, for Roger had paused.

"I told him," answered Roger, "that once in my college days, when our baseball team won, I had made all the different kinds of an ass of myself, including that; and I had awakened the next morning with my head like a sawmill gone wrong, and my throat like



"TELL US ABOUT JIMMY."

baked leather, and my stomach beneath contempt; had spent several days in cursing myself and paying my bills, and had never repeated the experience.

"'That's odd,' said Jimmy, affably; 'I never even have a headache until I get quite done up, you know; and I don't think I make an ass of myself.'

"'You do,' I rapped out, 'and a particularly nauseous one. I wish you could see yourself.'

"But he simply laughed, and asked me to lend him a double X; there was no moving Jimmy. I made every appeal my imagination could suggest. I even talked about his mother, who was broken-hearted over him. Then he lost his temper for the first time. He spoke like a much-injured man, demanding to know why we allowed Mrs. Cunningham to guess anything about his carousals; didn't he take particular pains, he asked with an air of indignant virtue, to keep them from her? And here was that chump Ralph toddling over to her, or writing every time he was late at the office! And he had always treated Ralph so squarely; always gave him warning when he was going to take a week off; yes, and put off his fun when there was a rush of business, sometimes. Ralph to talk!

"He might have added, though he didn't—Jimmy wasn't conceited—that sober he was a particularly valuable man. He had plenty of energy and plenty of industry, and the Simon-pure business instinct, which, you know, isn't lying around loose, either. 'Confound him! I wouldn't ask a better clerk or a better partner if he would only keep straight,' I have heard Ralph wail a dozen times. There it was: Jimmy would not keep straight. To look at him, with his delicate face and curling hair and pensive eyes, always so trim and dainty in his appearance and so gentle of manner, you could not suspect him of a degrading

vice. And, besides, when Jimmy *was* sober he was so strikingly, so immaculately sober! I don't mean that he didn't touch liquor; that was the wonder of it to some people. He could touch liquor, he could drink moderately, occasionally, like any abstemious but not totally abstaining man, and yet not seem tempted by his moderate drinking. And he would walk for months in the paths of temperance—until the next time. Suddenly the desire, or the weariness of temperance, or, call it what you will, the thing would be on him, and he would drink and drink and drink, for days, for weeks, until the physical power to keep liquor in him left him, or until he was raving in delirium. And the clean, decent fellow would be as neglected and degraded looking a sot as ever rolls in the gutter. It was pretty bad for the women, I can tell you. Well, never mind that part. I won't enlarge, either, on our efforts to reform Jimmy. We tried all the approved schemes. We sent him at great expense to a ranch, from which he returned with a mysterious bullet-wound and a dark suspicion of having shot some one too magnanimous to press his claims. Jimmy bought him off with a thousand dollars: he was thrifty as well as magnanimous, and Jimmy was a generous soul, never niggardly with his mother's money. Another venture of ours was to despatch James to the lakes with a tried and true temperance captain. This ended very sadly, because Jimmy smuggled an assortment of liquors on board, enough to last a long cruise; and, when he found that the voyage was to be a short one, nearly killed himself drinking all the stock at once, 'to save it!' Finally we agreed on a desperate remedy. Well, I was the one that suggested it. We had been having Jimmy with us all summer. I had just built this house then. And after a month or six weeks of beautiful behavior, he took the money a confiding client of mine paid him for me, and went to Chicago on a holy terror of a spree. This time I was angry. I don't think, with all the worry and the disappointment and the tragedy of the thing, I had been angry before. I don't suppose that I could explain to any one who didn't know Jimmy the extraordinary charm of the fellow. Irresponsible as he was, you could no more help having your heart move toward him than taking off your coat for the sun—see Æsop's Fables. He had a quick and happy sympathy about him, and a genuine interest in other people, that was irresistible. And while, of course, his perverse gratification of the basest part of him, though it should break his mother's heart, was infernally selfish, he wasn't selfish in little things. I have seen Jim do a hundred vagrant kindnesses that wouldn't occur to most men. But, as I said, this time there was a kind of contempt of our feelings in the performance that rasped me; besides, it was a last straw. And Mrs. Cunningham was reluctantly brought to consent to my plan. I hunted Jim up in Chicago. A nice time I had doing it, but never mind that. I found him in a squalid hole. He had pawned the very clothes on his back to the saloon-keeper whose little room he was occupying. Such a room! And Jimmy, who must have perfumed water in his bath and a barber of his own! He looked ghastly, his pale face smouched with a week-old beard and a big strip of black plaster on his forehead, that didn't hide a half-healed cut. But he gave me a most unrepentant grin, that sent all my pity flying. 'Hope you brought a cab with you,' says he, easy as a soda-fountain. I felt myself growing warm; but I motioned the messenger with me to put a large Gladstone that he was carrying on the cleanest-looking chair, and I replied in the same tone. 'In that bag,' said I, 'are some clothes. They are not swell clothes, such as you are used to wear, and they will not fetch much at a pawnshop; but they are clean and whole and suitable to a man who has to earn his living. That is you in future. If you will put on those clothes, I have a cab outside, and we will go to a private hospital where your board will be paid until you are strong again. Then the doctor will buy you a ticket and give you a sum of money, and hereafter you will have to depend on yourself. For we are done, Jimmy'—I

did think of calling him James to be impressive, you know, but there was a twinkle in his eye, unshorn, ill, and shabby as he was, and I hadn't the nerve to try James on—'yes, we are quite done; and if you get into any more trouble, you will have to get out by yourself.

"I hardly was prepared for Jimmy's reply. 'I guess you have hit on a good notion,' said he, rubbing the stubble on his cheek with an air of impartial meditation, precisely as if he were some one else; 'anyhow, it is worth trying. Say, you don't expect me to stay out in the cold indefinitely, do you? The fatted calf oughtn't to get past veal! It is a period of probation, isn't it, say a year? You are an awfully good fellow, Roger; but you never were original, and this plan of yours is usually a year. Let's make it a year. By the way, don't you think it would be nice for me, in the meanwhile, to pay that money of yours that I—ah, anticipated—back in installments, like the honest boy in the First Reader, who breaks the plate-glass window?'

"I said that it might be a little comfort to his mother.

HE TAUGHT POOR DIGBY DRAW POKER.

"'I dare say the dear old mater has hopes of me yet,' said he. 'You will have a deuce of a time, Roger, keeping her from flying the track and sending me supplies on the sly. But I'll help you out, old man. Don't get discouraged.' And I give you my word the scamp patted me on the back. I packed him into his clothes and took him away. On the way to the hospital he was neither sullen nor depressed. In fact, to my shame be it spoken, he gave me an account of life among the lowly saloons that was so funny I was laughing when we drew up before the hospital, and I saw the doctor come solemnly out to hand Jimmy down. Now, here's a great moral problem: Why do we weakly forgive amusing reprobates so much more readily than the equally undeserving who don't amuse us? Jimmy's funny stories disarmed me. I am ashamed to say I sent him another suit of clothes and a box of my best Henry Clays (the predilectos S. S. P., Judge—Jimmy liked those), and privately doubled the fund in the doctor's hands. If I could be such a weakling, you may fancy I felt pretty shaky about Mrs. Cunningham. But Jimmy was as good as his word. A week later his mother received a letter. It explained that he had not gone away from Chicago, having procured 'an honest, though not brilliant, job in the city;' the doctor would return the money for his ticket. He would write every Sunday. Roger had left him plenty of clothes, and she was not to worry; and with all his faults, he loved her still. It is wonderful what a comfort that letter was to my mother-in-law. Well, I believe she has it tucked away in the leaves of her Bible yet. I am very fond of my mother-in-law. Jimmy? Oh, he kept his word this time, too. There came a short letter to his mother every week for three months. Once during that time, dining with a friend, I

thought I saw Jimmy at—well, at a Chicago hotel; he was serving a country client of mine, Reisling by name, and he was placing the dishes and uncorking the wine with all the suave decorum of a veteran. He met my startled gaze without a sign of recognition; but I could not be mistaken. I thought of speaking to him, then I reflected: 'Better not. Jimmy is at least working hard; better keep my hands off for a while.'

"I told Mrs. Cunningham I knew where Jimmy was, and that he was all right, which eased her mind; and I told Patty the truth. She said: 'You let him alone, Roger,' and I promised; but the next time I was in Chicago Jimmy appeared at my office. He was well dressed and entirely sober. His first proceeding was to draw out a little roll of bank notes from his pocket and lay them before me. 'First instalment,' said he.

"'Thank you,' said I; 'and how are you getting on?'

"'Oh, fairly well; but I have a droll sort of job.'

"'What is it?'

"'I dare say you came here to see Reisling?'

"'Yes,' said I. 'Are *you* employed by him?'

"'By Mrs. Reisling,' said Jimmy, smiling. 'I'm the one that advised your being employed. I recommended you.'

"My errand had to do with Reisling. He was a young man who had been living in a neighboring State as somebody's clerk. His habits were so erratic, he had difficulty in keeping his situation. All at once, to this self-indulgent, unambitious, semi-immoral creature there came a great fortune from a Californian uncle. Reisling simply lost his head; he went all to bits. The money began to fly in huge chunks to sharpers of all kinds, and his wife—he was married—took fright. She and one sister were his nearest relations. By the laws of his State, a spendthrift who drinks to excess may have a guardian appointed to take charge of his property. The guardian has other powers of extensive nature, one being the right to send his ward to an asylum for treatment. I had won a case involving some Chicago property—rather a neat case—and somehow they had an exaggerated idea of my services, Mrs. Reisling especially. She was a good sort, although not always discreet. Now she wanted me to advise her. No doubt Jimmy increased her confidence. But what was Jimmy doing with the Reislings? I asked him.

"He threw back his chin with the dimple in it, and laughed his old, ringing, jolly laugh. He had the sweetest laugh, confound him!

"'Well you may laugh,' says he; 'dear boy, I am no longer a waiter. I am a moral constable and amateur guardian of the family altar, good luck to it! I'm keeping Reisling straight.'

"'How did you get the job?' said I.

"'Most natural thing in the world,' said he. 'The Reislings came to our hotel, and I had to steer Reisling upstairs. One time I saved him from taking a good tumble. They were there a month; he wouldn't go home, and she wouldn't go without him, and so she got into the way of rather depending on me. She thinks I am a good young man because I take off my hat to women and amuse children, and once she saw me going to church. I

"WE ARE DONE, JIMMY."

assured her it wasn't a habit, and that I was not a particularly good young man; but she took all that for my modesty. So, finally, as she came to need me, and as I couldn't get my time when I was a waiter, she induced me to resign and become a gentleman detective. I keep Reisling out of all the mischief I can, and keep the track of him generally, if I can't restrain him. I have a very liberal salary, and I am to have something very handsome should I succeed in reforming my charge.'

"'Do you think it safe for you?' said I, rather dryly, I imagine.

"Jimmy was not offended; he answered more seriously, 'Well, yes, Roger, I do. In the first place, I haven't any present inclination for little birds; in the second, I rather take to Mrs. Reisling, who is an awfully good little woman, and so plain you can't help but be sorry for her, and so nice you have to like her; and there is a kid, a nice little fellow with something the matter with his hip—that's why they are here, you know—and in the third place, I'm interested in the case itself. I think you may depend I shall not run crooked, Roger; and I'd a little rather you wouldn't show me up to the Reislings. It is a new sensation being respected morally. I give you my word I'll resign and take myself off to the dogs alone if I feel the bad fit coming.'

"It struck me there was something different about Jimmy. I couldn't put my finger on it, but I felt it, just as you feel when your witness is telling you the truth. I promised, and we had an amazingly pleasant half hour. Then Jimmy had to betake himself to Reisling.

"'He has been drinking very hard,' said Jimmy; 'but now we have corralled him in his room, and taken all his clothes away except pajamas, so he is just where we want him.'

"That evening, as I was waiting for Mrs. Reisling in their parlor, I had an interesting insight into Jimmy's methods. My client's bedchamber was the next room, and I could hear him offering Jimmy a hundred dollars for a suit of ready-made clothes.

"'I'll tell you something, Mr. Reisling,' responded Jimmy's imperturbable accents. 'I am a gentleman. Kindly don't insult me with bribery and corruption. You haven't enough money to buy a suit of clothes from me. See?'

"'I don't know why I'm so stuck on you,' Reisling whimpered back; 'you're forever slanging me! Why don't I send you off?'

"'Possibly you have a drop of sense left, and recognize I am your only chance of bracing up and living like a man and not a dog,' says Jimmy, sweetly. 'Now you lie down, and I'll sing to you.'

"Jimmy had a most lovely voice. That was one reason I despaired of him. When so much sensibility and tenderness and indescribable purity of melody get into a voice, it generally implies that the music has scraped the fellow's conscience bare; all the pretty things are in the voice, and none left in the moral nature. But that's merely my theory; myself, I don't know one tune from another without the words. Jimmy did have an angelic voice. Now he began to sing 'Rock me to sleep, mother,' in his most affecting manner. Directly there comes a roar from the bed.

"'Don't want me to warble?' says Jimmy, sweetly.

"'Want you to sing something lively,' growls the audience.

"'You don't need anything lively,' answers Jimmy placidly; 'what you require is to have your conscience awakened and your affections touched, and a general kind of wish-you-were-dead feeling encouraged.

"'Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take—'

Drop that pillow! You'll have to go without sleeping accommodations if you hurl them all at me. But anything to please.

"'Nelly was a lady, last night she died:
Toll the bell for lovely Nell—'

That too melancholy, too?

"'See how it sparkles, this drink divine,
But all its brightness our eyes outshine!'

"Reisling was quiet now, and he remained quiet, although Jimmy glided into 'Old folks at home,' and when Mrs. Reisling entered he was singing old-fashioned hymns. She said that she didn't know what she should do without Jimmy, and spoke of him with tears in her eyes. Of course, she knew nothing about Jimmy's real name or his relation to my wife. The next morning Jimmy appeared at my office again. He was more angry than I ever had seen him, and he explained at length just how Reisling had outwitted him and escaped when he took the inebriate to drive. It was comical to watch Jimmy's mounting indignation. Particularly did he bubble over the drunken cunning and duplicity of his charge.

"'They are all like that,' said I, philosophically, and the red climbed up into the roots of Jimmy's hair.

"'Was I like that?' he burst forth.

"I repeated several episodes which, at the time of action, had amused Jimmy more than his friends. He made no comment. From that time, though, I noticed that he got into the way of comparing his own past with Reisling's present. 'The mischief with Reisling,' said he once, very seriously, 'is, that he thinks he has a good time, while he is driving his wife crazy with anxiety, wasting his money, and ruining his health. Such rot! But Lord, ain't he an object lesson!'

"'I am hoping he will save you, Jimmy,' said I, 'whether you save him or not.'

"'Oh, I'm going to save the blooming little cad's soul,' said Jim, very solemnly, 'if only out of gratitude. That isn't all; he is really very fond of me, and he has some mighty good streaks, so I am bound to save him. What he needs is an almighty scare. I wish you would go round and talk a little stiff to him' (I was by this time his duly appointed guardian); 'you used to talk uncommonly well, Roger,' says Jim, with all the assurance in life, 'and I believe you might get through the hair with him. I have been at him about his health; got him into Severne's hospital—the one I was in, you know—and Severne has kindly collected the grewsomest lot of cases of the effects of alcohol on the human organs, and I am trying to impress Reisling. Yes, Roger, if that fellow won't be sweetly persuaded into a better life he has to be clubbed; that's the size of it.'

"I wish you could have listened to Jimmy! I used to sit and shake, he was so funny in his dead earnestness, that was so different from the usual manifestations of earnestness. Well, shortly after this conversation, Reisling got his scare. It was this way. Reisling gave the doctor the slip, and Jimmy and I pursued him. We caught our man on a train going down town, Illinois Central suburban, and crowded. Short as the time of his liberty had been, he had managed to get himself semi-intoxicated.

"'Well, old man,' he said with a foolish smile, 'I knew you would catch me. I don't mind. I have had all the drinks I want. I'll go with you.'

"Jimmy said something amiable, but he quietly took Reisling's hat and stood between him and the door. Reisling appeared to go to sleep. But when the train halted at Randolph he leaped out of his seat and made a dash for the door; and simultaneously, as luck would have it, a lady of huge proportions, dragging after her two large children, rolled toward the door, too. She lurched against Jimmy, and Reisling got past. I was farther down in the car; but I tumbled out somehow, and there in front was Jimmy's gray derby bobbing among the crowd after Reisling's bare head. You know what kind of a station Randolph is, with the huddle of tracks, and the crowd, and one policeman to prevent a slaughter of the innocents. Reisling plunged recklessly on the tracks. He didn't hear, or he was too crazy to heed, the policeman's yell. I could see the crowd shiver and the faces go white in a second, and the black monster roaring and snorting down on them. Jimmy's hands went up in the air; he was so close to Reisling I couldn't see either of them. A woman shrieked: 'He's down! His shoe's caught!' and there was an awful kind of groan from the crowd that turned

"I SAW JIMMY AT A CHICAGO HOTEL."

me sick. Then the air seemed to hiss with cinders, and my eyes and mouth were full of them, while I was savagely shouldering and hitting my way to a heap on the platform. Of course, you all anticipate: it wasn't Reisling. Oh, no! Reisling had drunkard's luck. He was moaning and crying over Jimmy, who had cut his shoelace and jerked him out of the jaws of death before they snapped, and had his own leg crushed for his pains. He was senseless with the shock, and didn't revive until he was in the ambulance. 'Where's Reisling?' he asked in his first conscious breath. 'Is he hurt?'

"'No, I'm all right, d——n me!' sobs Reisling, who was sober enough now.

"Jimmy smiled. 'Never mind,' he said, and shut his eyes.

"We had an anxious time, but Jimmy recovered, although he lost his leg. During his illness Reisling was his devoted and most miserable attendant. A few words from Jimmy insured my giving an expurgated edition of the accident to the women when they came. Said Jimmy, 'Roger, you keep an eye on Reisling, won't you, and don't let him get discouraged? He has got his scare, and he is sorry enough; he doesn't need to have it rubbed in. Let it be an accident, simply an accident. Don't spoil the only decent act I ever did in my worthless life by sicking the women on him. If he reforms, and I almost am sure he will, I want the credit of it; so let him come all he will, and don't you monkey with the work of grace. Mind, live or die, it's a bargain.'

"However, as you know, Jimmy didn't die. He is very much alive, making money, in partnership with Ralph, and his mother's chief anxiety now is lest he fling himself away on some girl not good enough for him. Reisling did reform. I have no great predilection for him to this day myself; he is a Philistine of the Philistines. But he does a good deal of rather ostentatious good with his money, and I am come to holding that it is better to do good ostentatiously than not to do it at all. One day his wife called Jimmy his good angel. 'She mistakes,' said Jimmy, with unusual gravity, 'he was mine.'"

Roger observed that his pipe was out, and shook the tobacco on the hearth. One of the company is of Jimmy's opinion, but she did not speak. The judge was the first to say anything. He said: "The problem, though, is to find the particular medicine for the particular case."

WHY DID WE MARRY?

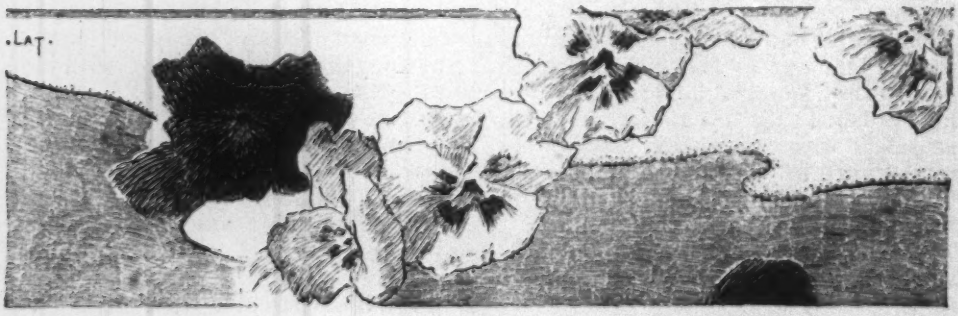
Why did we marry—you and I?
Ah, me! why did we? In our youth
I vowed I loved; and your reply,
Heart-sung, yet silent, seemed the truth.

Beside our love's now swelling tone,
How faint was that first throb, dear heart!
It was a babe that since has grown
Big as the world, of which we're part.

Ay, bigger yet, like Paradise;
For when you fold me to your breast,
Or I drink deep from your dear eyes,
The world's forgot, with all the rest.

Give more, dear nobler half! I thirst
For all the love you once kept hid.
What if we did not love at first?
Thank God, sweet wife, we thought we did.

JULIAN RALPH.



"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

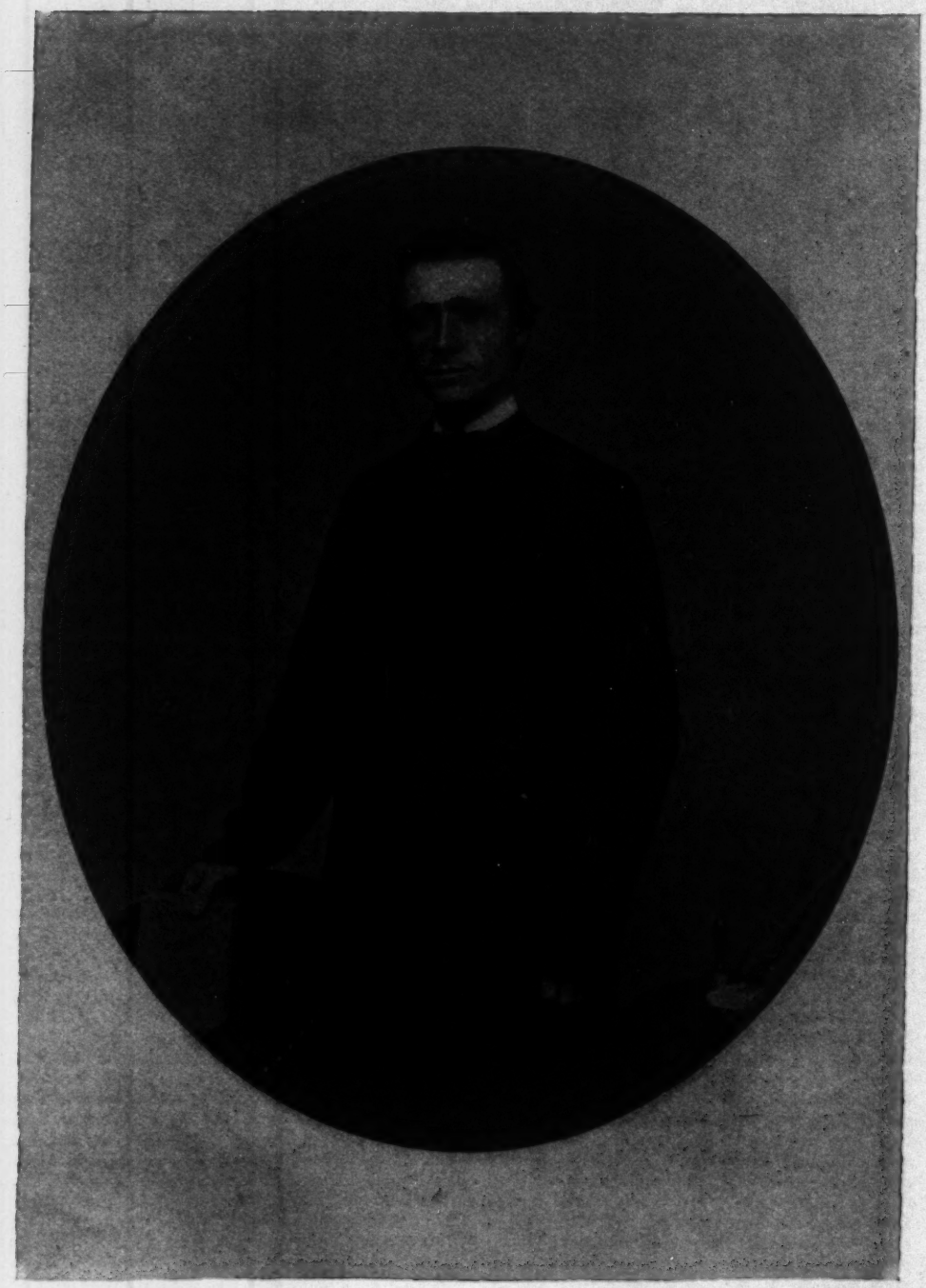
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

JAMES GIBBONS, the Cardinal, Archbishop of Baltimore, was born in that city in 1834, July 23d. But while he was yet quite young his parents returned to Ireland, and most of his youth was spent there. He came back to Baltimore at seventeen and began life as a clerk, but soon entered St. Charles's College, Maryland, and then St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. In the latter, in 1861, he was ordained priest. His rise was rapid. He soon became private secretary to Archbishop Spalding of the Baltimore see, and then chancellor of the archdiocese; and when the plenary council of 1866 met in Baltimore, he was chosen assistant chancellor of that. In 1868 he became Bishop of North Carolina, and in 1872 of the see of Richmond, Virginia. In 1877 he was appointed coadjutor, with the right of succession, to Archbishop Bailey of Baltimore, whose health had failed; and, before the end of the year, Archbishop Bailey dying, the succession befell. Thus, at the age of forty-three, as head of the see of Baltimore, which is the oldest in the country, Cardinal Gibbons had become head of the Roman Catholic Church in America. From the first he had disclosed the highest ability in extending the influence and authority of his church. When, in 1886, it was decided to bestow at last a cardinalship in America, the honor fell to him almost as a matter of course.

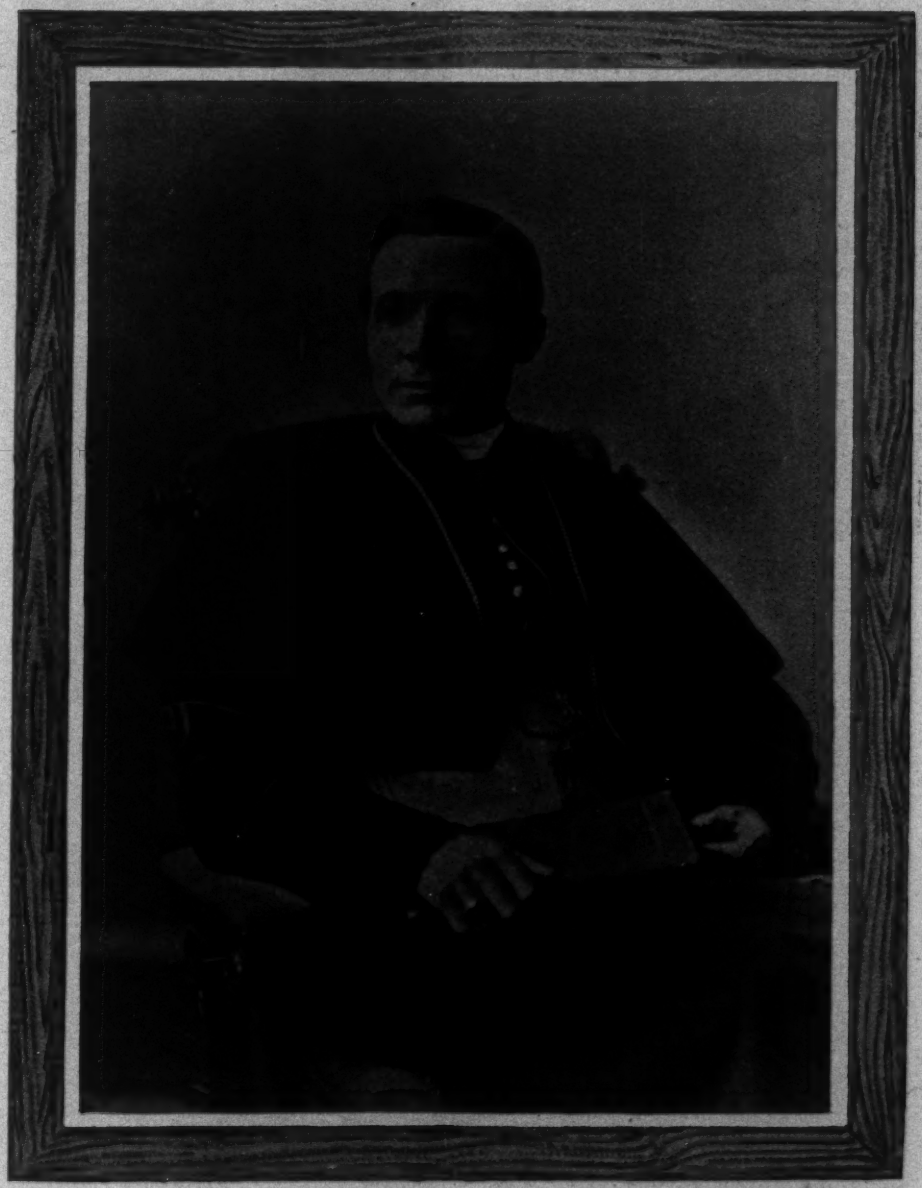
LORD ROSEBERY, who has lately succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister of England, was born in London, of titled parents, in 1847. Stripped of the title, his name is Archibald Philip Primrose. He is an Eton and an Oxford man. He came into his hereditary seat in the House of Lords in 1868, but did not venture on a speech there until 1871. He has always been noted for a certain reserve and gravity of character, and for an aversion to the social occupations which absorb most of the people of his class in England. He surrenders himself to one diversion, however—the turf. He inherited good estates, but he added handsomely to them by his marriage with Miss Hannah Rothschild, at the death of whose father, Baron Meyer de Rothschild, he came into possession of the noble domain of Mentmore. He likes to spend a day or two at Mentmore whenever opportunity offers, because there most of his favorite horses are kept, either in the large and handsome stables built by the late Baron Rothschild, or at the Crafton End Farm, a splendid meadow on the borders of the estate. An interesting speculation at present is how the English Liberals will bear themselves under a leader who combines two such unwonted qualities as being of the Lords, instead of the Commons, and a devotee of the turf.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, the creator of "Gallegher," "Van Bibber," and a number of other interesting people, was born in Philadelphia, April 18, 1864. He is the son of L. Clark Davis, editor of the Philadelphia "Ledger," and Rebecca Harding Davis, author of a long line of good stories. Thus his letters are an inheritance, and he shares the inheritance with a brother Charles. He spent three years at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and a year at Johns Hopkins. Then, in pursuance of the literary bent which had already declared itself in a book suppressed almost as soon as published, and a magazine story, he began newspaper work in Philadelphia, serving successively the "Record," the "Press," and the "Telegraph," and paying a visit for the latter to England. On his return from England he secured a connection with the New York "Evening Sun," and on that paper began the series of Van Bibber sketches, by which he is perhaps best known. It was not by these that he became known first, however, but by the spirited story of "Gallegher." Spirit, by the way, is Mr. Davis's most distinctive mark. Something always happens in his tales, and one is not kept waiting too long to learn what it is. He has published three or four books of them now, all possessing this quality in a high degree; and he has published three or four books of travel that possess it scarcely less.

Correction: The autograph letter of General Grant's father printed in the May number of this Magazine, was from the Civil War Collection of Mr. Robert Coster. Through a typographical error the owner's name appeared in the May number as James Coster.



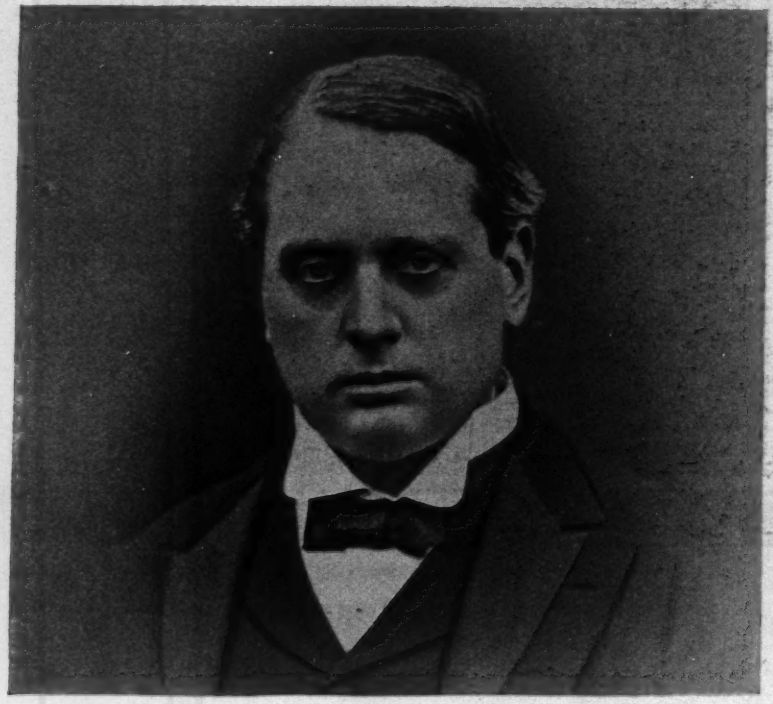
AGE 28. 1862.



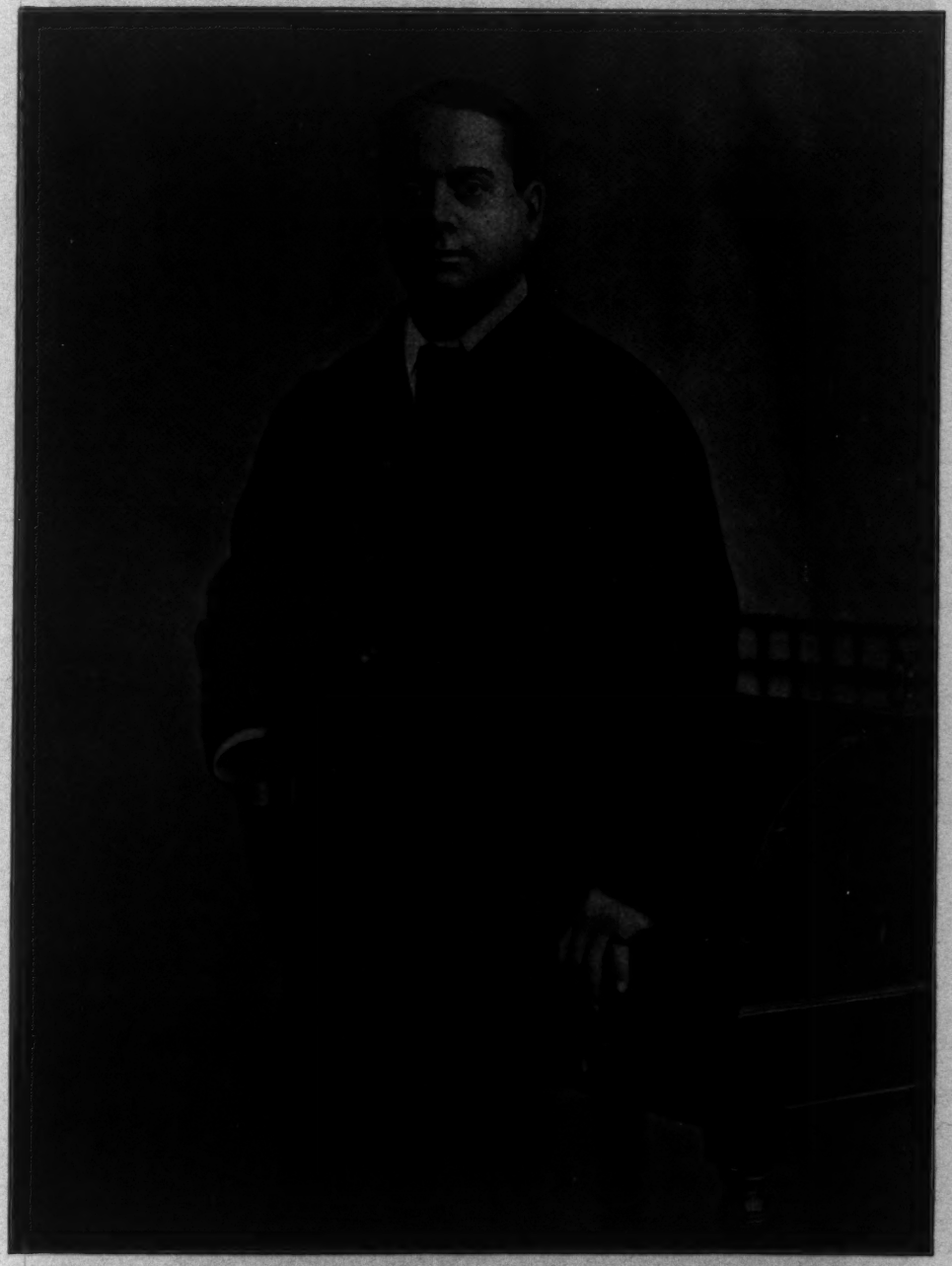
AT THE PRESENT DAY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CUMMINS, BALTIMORE.

AGE 17. 1864. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS & SAUNDERS, ETON.

AGE 19. 1866. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS & SAUNDERS, ETON.



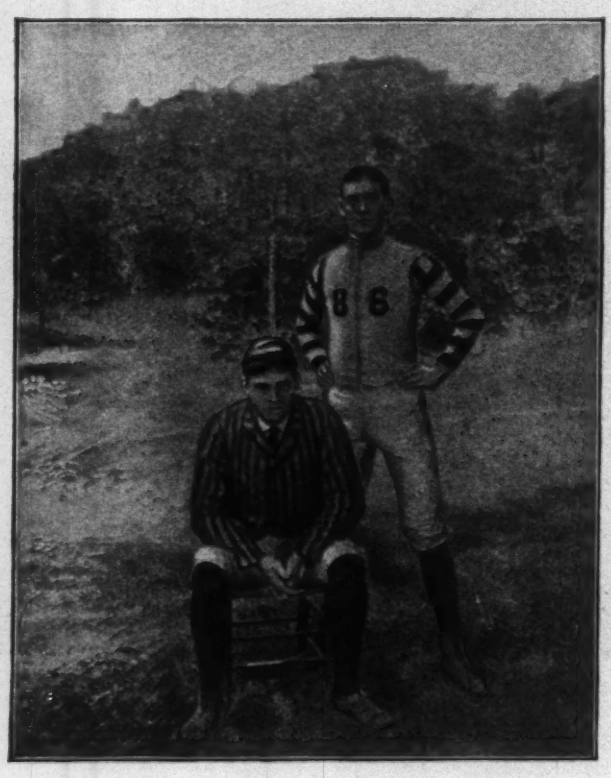
AGE 35. 1882. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON.



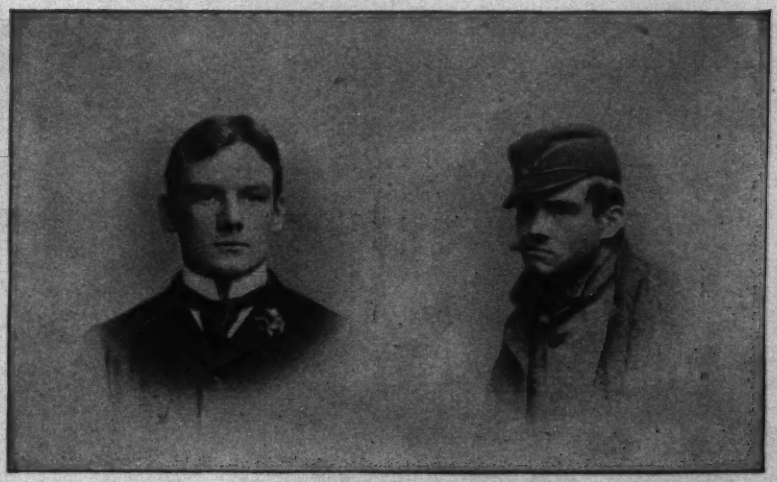
AT THE PRESENT TIME. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN, GLASGOW, AND MANCHESTER.

AGE 5. JULY, 1869.

AGE 9. 1873.

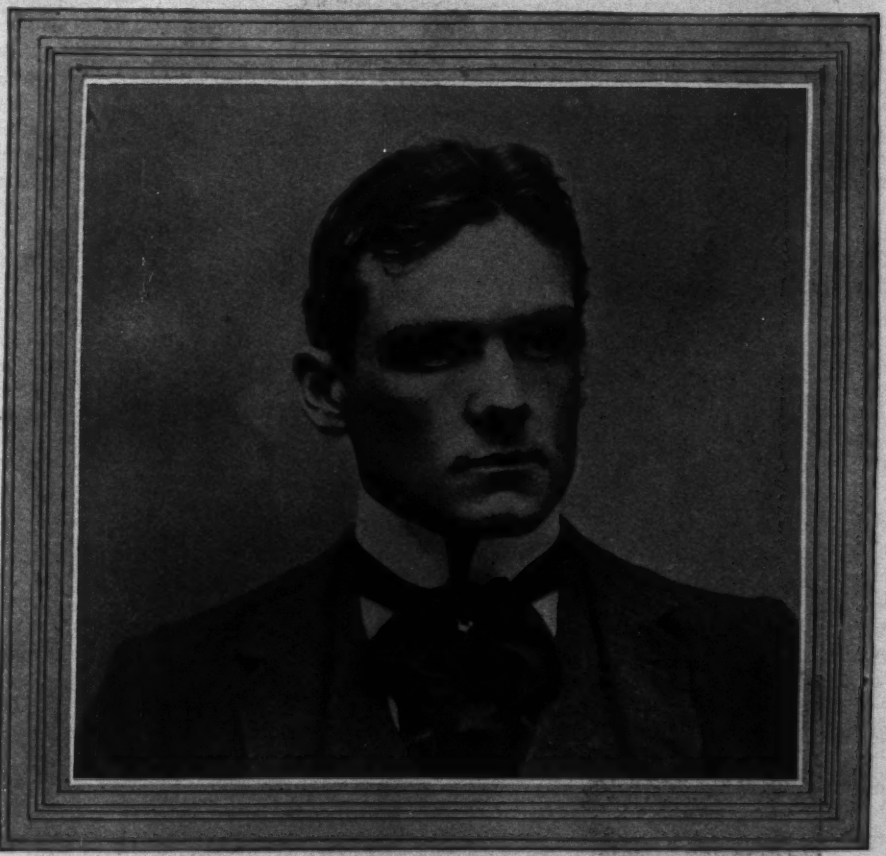


MR. DAVIS AND HIS BROTHER CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS, THE PRESENT CONSUL TO FLORENCE, ITALY. LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, 1882. AGE 18.



AGE 22. 1886.

MR. DAVIS IN THE DISGUISE OF A BURGLAR, UNDER WHICH, AS A REPORTER FOR THE "PRESS," HE LIVED AMONG THE THIEVES OF PHILADELPHIA.



AGE 24. 1888, WHEN MR. DAVIS WAS A REPORTER ON THE NEW YORK "EVENING SUN." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM M. RUSCHHAUPT, NEW YORK.

AGE 26. 1890. GATHERING MATERIAL FOR "THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW."

AT THE PRESENT TIME. AGE 29. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH.

WILL THEY REACH THE POLE?

AN EXPERT VIEW OF ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS NOW IN PROGRESS AND OF THE PHYSICAL DIFFICULTIES OF THE PROBLEM.

By General A. W. Greely, U. S. Army.

ALTHOUGH the North Pole is erroneously supposed to attract unerringly to it the magnetic needle, yet there is no doubt that, to an extent unequalled by any other point on the surface of the earth, the geographical pole exercises a magnetic influence over adventurous man. Toil and danger, suffering and disappointment, isolation and deprivation, have ever, to a greater or less extent, been the lot of the more fortunate of Arctic searchers; while death has come to the luckless, from Barents to Franklin, and from Hudson to De Long.

This is, of all things, an age of effort and accomplishment, and neither desperate chances nor heavy expense deter mankind from seemingly hopeless attempts to pierce an impracticable isthmus, or attain the longed-for Pole.

Three North Polar cruises, now in progress, especially engage public attention—that of Nansen, supplementing the unique and desperate drift of the "Jeannette" across the Siberian Ocean; that of Peary, recrossing the inland ice of north Greenland; and that of Wellman, testing the latest plan of the veteran Parry, and striving to surpass the famous boat journey of that explorer over the ice-clad sea to the north of Spitzbergen. Two other schemes may be briefly alluded to—those of Jackson in Nova Zembla, and Stein in the region of Jones Sound and Ellesmere Land.

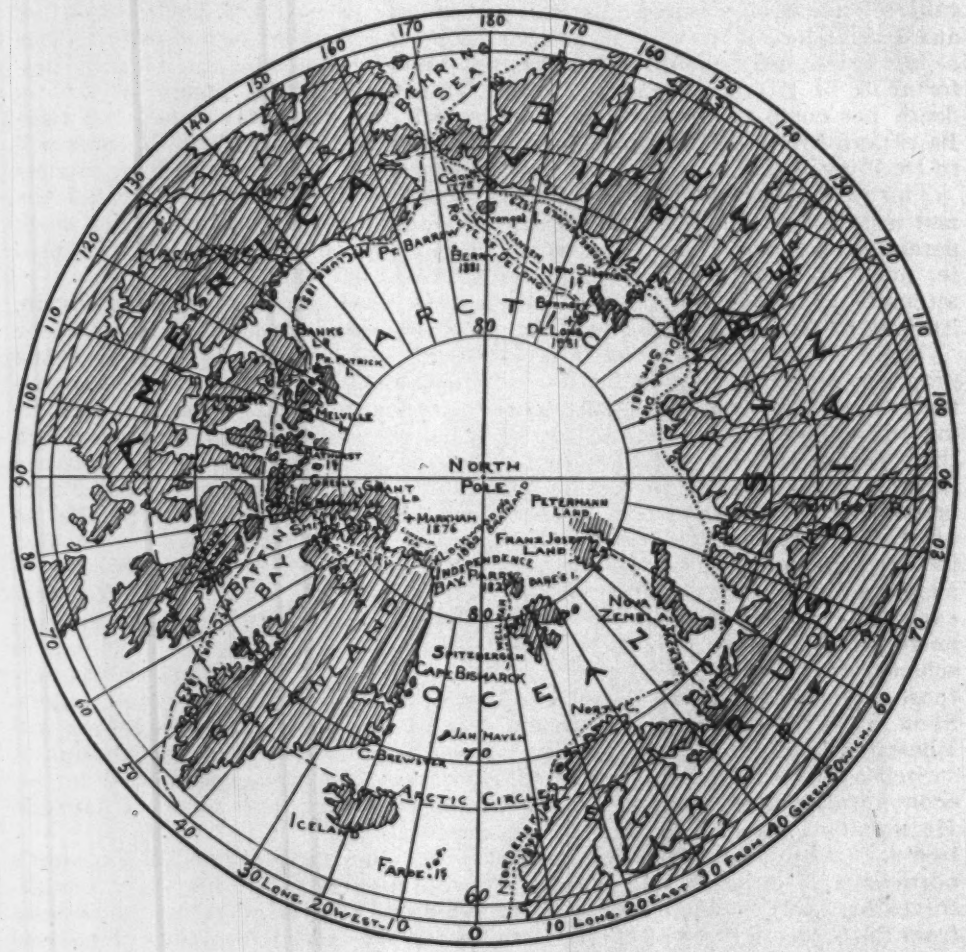
Stein's project contemplates a safe, economical, and feasible line of work. He intends to erect a permanent station at or near Clarence Head, on the north side of Jones Sound, whence a travelling party, having virgin ground from the outset, will trace the western coasts of Ellesmere and Grinnell Land, and explore the remaining islands of the Parry Archipelago. The usual scientific observations in physical sciences would be made at the home station. Attempts would also be made to succor, or determine the fate of, the Swedish scientists who, shipwrecked in the summer of 1893, left records stating that Clarence Head was their objective point. Thus the Stein expedition has a humanitarian side to its activities. Unfortunately the steam whaler in which the party was to sail has been injured, and it is doubtful if there will be time, after the return of the whalers absent on the spring seal-hunt off the Labrador coast, to arrange for work this year; so that probably this project will be delayed until 1895.

Mr. F. G. Jackson, an Englishman, contemplated an attempt to reach the North Pole in 1894 by way of Franz Josef Land. His plan looked to a permanent camp on this land, whence he reasonably hoped to reach a very high latitude by a sledge journey up Austria Sound, the route by which Payer reached the eighty-second parallel in 1874. At the last moment he decided to make a preliminary expedition to Nova Zembla, which land, formerly thought to be inaccessible and dangerous for explorers, is now inhabited in its southern parts by Samoyedans, acting under directions of Russian traders. The Franz Josef route, therefore, will not be followed this year, though it presents the most certain road for attaining a very high northern latitude by *land*.

Dr. Nansen the Swedish explorer's reputation rests on his very remarkable and successful trip on snowshoes across southern Greenland. He starts now to discover the North Pole by a

route and under conditions which presage great suffering and probable disaster. Undeterred by the drift of the "Jeannette" and the ultimate destruction of that ship by the Siberian ice-floes, Nansen seeks the conditions which the "Jeannette" long in vain strove to avoid, and hopes to pluck safety and success from the very nettle of danger. He goes in a specially constructed ship, which, however, fails to commend itself to any Arctic explorer, and, plunging into the ice-floes to the northeast of Kara Sea, with his courageous companions, expects to drift across, or very near, the neighborhood of the North Pole. They trust entirely to favorable ocean currents, which Nansen estimates would carry them across the unknown regions of the Arctic zone, into open water between Spitzbergen and Greenland. He figures on the average speed of the whole current at two nautical miles per day, and contemplates an absence of two or three years. It will be noticed that he totally disregards the accepted axioms for successfully navigating an icy region, of keeping near a coast line and insuring a reasonably safe line of retreat. Whatever measure of success Nansen attains—and his courage merits much from fickle fortune—his plan is condemned by all voyagers of experience as extremely rash and inadvisable.

The expedition under command of Mr. Peary of the United States Navy



MAP OF THE NORTH POLAR REGION, SHOWING THE ROUTES OF THE EXPEDITIONS NOW IN PROGRESS.

is too well known to every American to require any detailed or extended notice. Peary follows in the tracks and after the methods of his first expedition, during which, second to cross the inland ice of Greenland, he travelled from his station at McCormick Bay to Independence Bay, 81° 37′ north, 34° 5′ west, on the east coast of Greenland. The termination of the inland ice, and the separation of Greenland from the land to the northward, which was discovered by my own expedition, caused Peary to fail in his acknowledged attempt to exceed the *farthest north* reached by Lockwood and Brainard, May 13, 1882.

Peary is now wintering in northwestern Greenland, on the shores of Inglefield Gulf, above the seventy-seventh parallel, among the Etah Eskimos. He contemplated a very early start, about the middle of March, and doubtless is at this very time making the comparatively easy journey over the smooth road afforded by the inland ice to Cape Independence. It will then become necessary for him, with a selected party, to take to the sea ice, where his methods of travelling must conform to those of his predecessors. While the main party under Peary is endeavoring to outline the coast to the north of Greenland, in its effort to exceed the latitude of Lockwood and Brainard, the supporting party will return southward, along the east coast, to the neighborhood of Cape Bismarck and Mount Peterman, of Koldeway's expedition, whence it will return direct across Greenland to Inglefield Gulf. A steam whaler going northward this summer will there await the return of the whole party, and bring them back to St. John's, Newfoundland. When last heard from, at the end of August, 1893, Peary and his wife and party were comfortably housed in their Greenland encampment, with a winter's supply of walrus meat already in stock for their canine companions.

The chances of success for Peary primarily depend on his ability to accumulate a large food supply at Cape Independence for his advance party—men and dogs—or on the very problematical chance of securing an abundant supply of game. It will be recalled that Peary lost three-fourths of his dogs in his previous journey to this point in 1891, and few besides experienced Arctic travellers realize how near his party approached disaster, for it was only the supply of musk oxen killed unexpectedly at his farthest, that secured his safe retreat.

Experience will do much to facilitate Peary's travel, and it is to be expected that he will be able to trace a considerable portion of the unknown coast between Cape Independence and Cape Bismarck, to the south. It is, on the other hand, extremely doubtful if he ever passes beyond the farthest charted on his map, ninety miles beyond his point of 1891, and this would carry him almost directly to the east. The chances are about one in ten that he reaches the eighty-third parallel. Tromsö or Hammerfest should be reached early in October, 1894.

Without doubt the most interesting and promising of the present Polar expeditions is that led by Mr. Walter Wellman of Washington. The route and plan followed by Mr. Wellman are integral parts of the scheme advanced by Parry in his letter to Sir John Barrow, November 25, 1845. Parry proposed wintering in a ship, whence he would, with a sledge party, leave the north of Spitzbergen "in the course of the month of April, when the ice would present one hard, unbroken surface, over which it would not be difficult to make good thirty miles per day. At this season the ice would probably be stationary. The intention would be to complete the enterprise in the month of May, before any disruption of the ice or any material softening of the surface had taken place." Wellman, however, eliminates what the writer thinks to be the most promising idea, a wintering ship, whereby, says Parry, "an opportunity would be afforded, during two seasons, of stretching far to the northward in the ship, should the season prove favorable."

With three other Americans as scientific assistants, and ten picked Norwegian sailors, Wellman was to leave Tromsö early in May, 1894, for Dane's Island, about 79° 45′ north, off the

northwest coast of Spitzbergen. Wellman's steamer will not stop at Dane's Island on its outward voyage, but will push northward to the margin of the impenetrable ice-pack, upon the surface of which will be landed the travelling party, with boats, sledges, dogs, and accoutrements. The steamer then returns to its selected haven at Dane's Island, where food and fuel are to be landed and a house erected. The plan further contemplates the return of the exploring party to Spitzbergen about the middle of September, whence the whaling steamer should bring them to Tromsö or Hammerfest by the middle of October.

In 1827 Parry attempted over this route a similar journey, during which he reached 82° 45′ north. His outfit made a load of about two hundred and seventy pounds per man, and he had for draught animals eight reindeer, which he could not use. He had the advantage of starting from Treurenderg Bay, some forty miles north of Dane's Island, and of reaching 81° 12′ before he was driven to the ice. From this point he reached 82° 45′, one hundred and two geographical miles to the north. The ice proved to be small, loose, and rugged floes, with frequent and narrow lanes of water, that were crossed often with danger and always with great loss of time, through the interchanges necessary in transition to and from sledging. In thirty-five days Parry reached a point one hundred and seventy-one miles from his ship, travelling by his reckoning one hundred miles by water and one hundred and ninety-two by ice, having been able to make an average of only three miles a day to the north. In the last five days they travelled twenty-three miles to the north, but meanwhile the entire ice-pack drifted twenty-two miles to the south, and in the last three and a half days the ice drifted three miles farther south than they had been able to march north. In the return journey, which was made in fifteen days, the open sea was reached in 81° 30′ north. To succeed, the Wellman party must be favored with unusually smooth ice, an unbroken, fixed pack, very open sea to the north of Spitzbergen, or strong, continued southerly gales, which would set the ice-pack to the northwards.

The writer has always held this to be the most promising route by which to obtain a very high latitude, but he has thought that success must be the result of chance rather than of effort. No vessel that was ever built could penetrate the ice-floes, and no body of men could ever hope to reach the ice-floes to the northward of the eighty-third parallel, to the north of Spitzbergen, under ordinary ice conditions. With favoring ice and wind, however, any well-found steam whaler would reach the limits of the loose and disintegrating ice, whether it be in latitude 84° or 87°. That such favoring conditions occasionally occur is susceptible of little doubt, as instanced by the experience of Scoresby in 1806, when he reached 81° 30′ north, 19° east, in a sailing vessel, and of the Swedish expedition under Nordenskiöld which reached 81° 42′ in 1868.

Let us turn now to the physical aspect of the North Polar regions.

Far the greater portions of the land in high northern latitudes are of an abrupt and bold character, and probably not five per centum of the coast lines of Greenland, Grinnell Land, Banks Land, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, and Franz Josef Land are other than high and precipitous. On the contrary, it is not probable that ten per centum of the Arctic coast of Asia and Alaskan America are other than flat and comparatively level.

Further, there is no reasonable doubt that there exists in the Arctic Ocean, somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole, an ice-covered land of considerable extent. This is evident from the character of the icebergs observed at various points within the Arctic Ocean; for there are different classes of icebergs, as there are different kinds of coal. The difference between the floeberg, or palæocrystic iceberg, and the ordinary iceberg of the North Atlantic, is as great and as easily distinguishable as is the difference between a block of bituminous coal and one of anthracite. The floeberg is distinguished by its tabular form, great uniformity of

GENERAL A. W. GREELY, U. S. ARMY.

height, rectangular shape, nearly flat surface, perpendicular cliffs, and especially from its laminated structure. Whenever a palæocrystic iceberg is seen in the far north, before its face has suffered much from the melting action of the sun, a close observer notes that it presents along its front a series of faint blue lines, separated by interspaces of opaque white. These lines show a stratification due to yearly accumulations of snow upon a nearly level surface, which are transformed gradually into ice, and each line also represents the limit of the accumulation of a single year. In a similar manner are formed the glaciers of the Alps and Greenland; but these latter ice-sheets are torn, distorted, and re-formed a thousand times in their descent down rapid slopes and through confining valleys of greater or less width. Floebergs, then, are parts of great ice-sheets which, formed from successive snowfalls over a land area of no great elevation and very gentle gradients, flow downward from its highest level in the direction of least resistance. The slope being gentle, the ice moving gradually seaward, with its structure unchanged and its stratification unbroken, passes slowly into the ocean, whence eventually its buoyancy causes it to rise and disrupt in a vast mass from the main sheet. The floeberg formation being of fresh water, which freezes at 32° Fahr., descends into polar sea water of a temperature varying from 27° 5′ to 29° Fahr., and thus remains unmelted in its oceanic environment.

It is quite well settled that the Antarctic ice barrier, as observed first by Wilkes and Ross, and later by Nares and Carpenter, is the margin of a polar ice-cap, whose thickness is about two thousand feet at its edge, and of unknown thickness near its polar centre.

The presence of floebergs, or palæocrystic icebergs, in the Arctic Sea indicates, then, a North Polar ice-cap, and no doubt exists in my mind that the neighborhood of the North Pole is occupied by an ice-covered land, over which it is probable that the feet of man will never tread, until flying-machines or dirigible balloons are successfully operated.

Where then is this polar ice-cap situated, and what is its extent? The area covered by this ice-cap must be considerable, since a floeberg that averaged six hundred feet in thickness, and in places attained a thickness of nine hundred feet, was observed by the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition in Kane Sea, whence it had floated from the polar ocean through Robeson and Kennedy Channels. As the average accretion of the ice-cap, as indicated by observations of many floebergs, is from three to four inches a year, it is reasonable to assume that the formation of this berg took from two thousand five hundred to three thousand years; i.e., the lower strata of this most perishable of solids were probably being formed in the time of the construction of Solomon's temple. As a very gentle slope is required in order to prevent distortion of its annual accretions in its movement seaward, it is safe to assume that this floeberg must have travelled several hundred miles from the centre of the polar ice-cap before it was born by disruption in the Arctic Ocean.

It is well determined that the islands conjoining with Greenland do not extend northwards much beyond the point reached by Lockwood and Brainard,

for the tide of Robeson Channel is an Atlantic tide, flowing around the north of Greenland; and, as the tidal hour is exactly known, it is also certain that either the Arctic Ocean to the north of Greenland must be considerably deeper than is supposed, or else that continent does not extend much farther northward. Again, the shallowness of the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia has been fully demonstrated by De Long in his long drift from Bering Strait, no deep water being found, while in places the lead showed only seventeen to twenty fathoms.

To produce floebergs, however, a land must be comparatively level; hence a polar ice-cap which sheds the floebergs of the Arctic Ocean is presumably nearer to the low, shelving coast of Siberia than to the high precipitous lands which are characteristic of the Arctic Circle from Franz Josef Land in the east to Grinnell Land in the west.

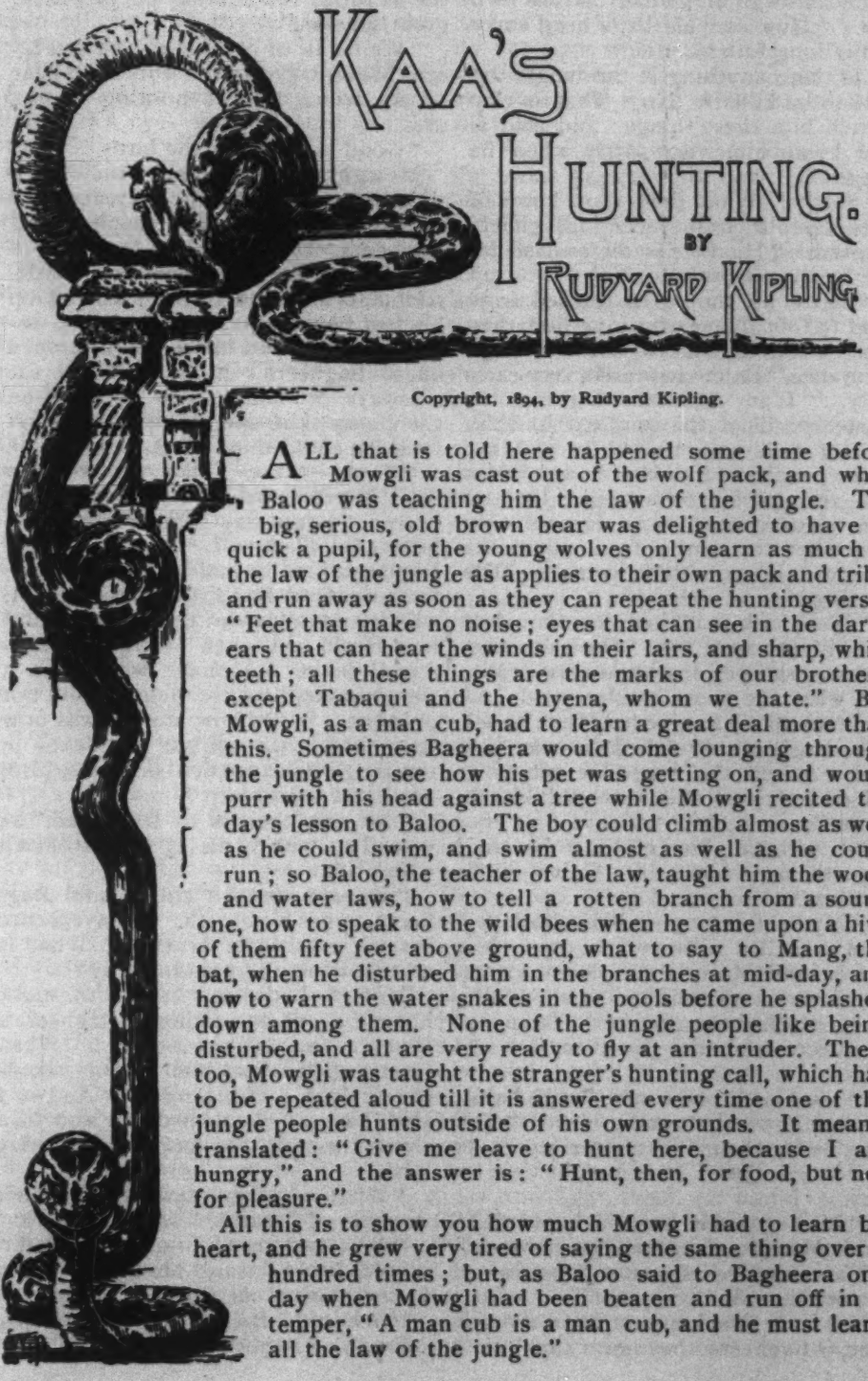
For these reasons, therefore, I am inclined to believe that the North Polar ice-cap lies almost directly to the north of Bering Strait, with its centre somewhere between the eighty-sixth and eighty-eighth parallels of latitude and the one hundred and fifty-fifth and one hundred and seventy-fifth meridians of west longitude. From this locality one would expect floebergs on the Siberian coast, which, however, the shallow sea forbids. We find them on the west coast of Banks Land, along the northern coast of Grinnell Land, and in the waterways connecting the polar ocean and Smith Sound, where scores of floebergs are seen yearly, from those of the average thickness, about one hundred feet, to a very few of the largest that the water will carry, about eight or nine hundred feet thick.

The bergs of Franz Josef Land are probably of home manufacture, offshoots from the glaciers to the north of Cape Fligely; while the scarcity or absence of them in the Spitzbergen sea arises from the land to the north of Greenland, which was discovered by Lockwood in 1882, projecting so far to the eastward as to catch all bergs drifting from the polar ice-cap. We might expect floebergs from Northeast Land or Franz Josef Land to drift south in the Spitzbergen current, if it played the part assigned it by Nansen. He believes it to be simply the method by which is discharged from the polar ocean the excess of water flowing therein from the great Siberian rivers, and through the northerly surface currents (the so-called Gulf Stream, etc.) from the Atlantic.

I am of the opinion that the southerly flowing surface currents—the western current through the Greenland sea, and the eastern one passing along the shores of eastern Spitzbergen and Bear Islands—become feebler to the northward, and cease or become wind currents, and thus variable at or near the point of equilibrium between the warm Atlantic surface water flowing northward and the general vertical oceanic circulation, wherein the coldest and densest water creeps from the Poles towards the Equator by all accessible communications at the bottom of the sea.

Around the North Polar ice-cap grinds and groans the impenetrable and irresistible ice-pack, in ceaseless motion under the impelling action of constant tides, shifting currents, and varying winds. Here and there projecting and widely separated headlands hold fast between them, for a few months, some thousand square miles of solid embayed ice, which constitute the "great frozen sea" of Markham. Again, hundreds of thousands of square miles of huge ice-floes, acted on by contrary forces, temporarily present large openings, which are the *polynia* of Wrangel, the water spaces of Parry, and the open polar sea of Hayes.

Through all these slight changes, for slight they are by comparison, this pack always abides, and will always dominate the polar ocean. With ceaseless motion it carried the "Jeannette" thirteen hundred miles to her destruction, as it has also scores of too venturesome whalers; and it ever acts with such power, majesty, and certainty as to be beyond the comprehension of one who has not dared its terrors and seen a part of its mysteries.



KAA'S HUNTING.

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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ALL that is told here happened some time before Mowgli was cast out of the wolf pack, and when Baloo was teaching him the law of the jungle. The big, serious, old brown bear was delighted to have so quick a pupil, for the young wolves only learn as much of the law of the jungle as applies to their own pack and tribe, and run away as soon as they can repeat the hunting verse: "Feet that make no noise; eyes that can see in the dark; ears that can hear the winds in their lairs, and sharp, white teeth; all these things are the marks of our brothers, except Tabaqui and the hyena, whom we hate." But Mowgli, as a man cub, had to learn a great deal more than this. Sometimes Bagheera would come lounging through the jungle to see how his pet was getting on, and would purr with his head against a tree while Mowgli recited the day's lesson to Baloo. The boy could climb almost as well as he could swim, and swim almost as well as he could run; so Baloo, the teacher of the law, taught him the wood and water laws, how to tell a rotten branch from a sound one, how to speak to the wild bees when he came upon a hive of them fifty feet above ground, what to say to Mang, the bat, when he disturbed him in the branches at mid-day, and how to warn the water snakes in the pools before he splashed down among them. None of the jungle people like being disturbed, and all are very ready to fly at an intruder. Then, too, Mowgli was taught the stranger's hunting call, which has to be repeated aloud till it is answered every time one of the jungle people hunts outside of his own grounds. It means, translated: "Give me leave to hunt here, because I am hungry," and the answer is: "Hunt, then, for food, but not for pleasure."

All this is to show you how much Mowgli had to learn by heart, and he grew very tired of saying the same thing over a hundred times; but, as Baloo said to Bagheera one day when Mowgli had been beaten and run off in a temper, "A man cub is a man cub, and he must learn all the law of the jungle."

"But think how small he is," said the black panther, who would have spoiled Mowgli if he had had his own way. "How can his little head carry all thy long talk?"

"Is there anything in the jungle too little to be killed? No. That is why I teach him these things; and that is why I hit him very softly when he forgets."

"Softly! What dost thou know of softness, old iron feet?" Bagheera grunted. "His face is all bruised today by thy—softness. Ugh!"

"Better he should be bruised from head to foot by me who love him, than that he should come to harm through ignorance," Baloo answered, very earnestly. "I am now teaching him the master words of the jungle, that shall protect him with the birds and the snake people, and all that hunt on four feet—except his own pack. He can now claim protection, if he will only remember the words, from all in the jungle. Is not that worth a little beating?"

"Well, look to it then that thou dost not kill the man cub. He is no tree-trunk to sharpen thy blunt claws upon. But what are those master words? I am more likely to give help than to ask it"—Bagheera stretched out one paw and admired the steel-blue talons at the end of it—"still I should like to know."

"I will call Mowgli, and he shall say them—if he will. Come, little brother!"

"My head is ringing like a beehive," said a sullen little voice over their heads, and Mowgli slid down a tree-trunk very angry and indignant, adding as he reached the ground: "I came to Bagheera and not to thee, fat old Baloo!"

"That is all one to me," said Baloo, though he was hurt and grieved. "Tell Bagheera, then, the master words of the jungle that I have taught thee today."

"Master words for which people?" said Mowgli, delighted to show off. "The jungle has many tongues. I know them all."

"A little thou knowest, but not much. See, O Bagheera, they never thank their teacher. Not a wolf has come back to thank old Baloo for his teachings. Say the word for the hunting people, then, great scholar."

"We be all of one blood—ye and I," said Mowgli, giving the words the bear accent, which all the hunting classes use.

"Good! Now for the birds."

Mowgli repeated, with the kite's whistle at the end of the sentence.

"Now for the snake people," said Bagheera.

The answer was a perfectly indescribable hiss, and Mowgli kicked up his feet behind, clapped his hands together to applaud himself, and jumped on to Bagheera's back, where he sat sideways, drumming with his heels on the glossy skin, and making the worst faces he could think of at Baloo.

"There—there. That was worth a little bruise," said the brown bear tenderly. "Some day thou wilt remember me." Then he turned aside to tell Bagheera how he had begged the master words from Hathi, the wild elephant, who knows all about those things, and how Hathi had taken Mowgli down to a pool to get the snake word from a water snake, because Baloo could not pronounce it, and how Mowgli was now reasonably safe against accidents in the jungle, because neither snake, bird, nor beast would hurt him.

"No one then is to be feared," he wound up, patting his big furry stomach with pride.

"Except his own tribe," said Bagheera, under his breath. "Have a care for my ribs, little brother! What is all this dancing up and down?"

Mowgli had been trying to make himself heard by pulling at Bagheera's shoulder fur and kicking hard. When the two listened to him he was shouting at the top of his voice: "And so I shall have a tribe of my own and lead them through the branches all day long."

"What is this new folly, little dreamer of dreams?" said Bagheera.

"Yes, and throw branches and dirt at old Baloo," said Mowgli. "They have promised me this, ah!"

"Whoof!" Baloo's big paw scooped Mowgli off Bagheera's back, and, as the

boy lay between the big forepaws, he could see Baloo was angry.

"Mowgli," said Baloo, "thou hast been talking with the bandar-log, the monkey people."

Mowgli looked at Bagheera to see if the panther was angry, too, and Bagheera's eyes were as hard as jade stones.

"Thou hast been with the monkey people—the gray apes—the people without a law—the eaters of everything. That is a great shame."

"When Baloo hurt my head," said Mowgli (he was still on his back), "I went away, and the gray apes came down from the trees and had pity on me. No one else cared." He snuffled a little.

"The pity of the monkey people!" Baloo snorted. "The stillness of the mountain brook! The cool of the summer sun! And then, man cub?"

"And then, and then, they gave me nuts and pleasant things to eat, and they—they carried me in their arms up to the top of the trees, and said I was their blood brother and should be their leader, some day."

"They have no leader," said Bagheera. "They lie. They have always lied."

"They were very kind, and bade me come again. Why have I never been taken among the monkey people? They stand on their feet, as I do. They do not hit me with hard paws. They play all day. Let me get up! Bad Baloo, let me up! I will play with them again."

"Listen, man cub," said the bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. "I have taught thee all the law of the jungle for all the peoples of the jungle, except the monkey folk, who live in the trees. They have no law. They are outcasts. They have no speech of their own, but use the words they overhear when they listen and creep and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. They have no remembrance. They boast and chatter, and pretend that they are a great people, about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter, and all is forgotten. We of the jungle have no dealings with them. We do not drink where the monkeys drink; we do not go where the monkeys go; we do not hunt where they hunt; we do not die where they die. Hast thou ever heard me speak of the bandar-log till to-day?"

"No," said Mowgli in a whisper, for the forest was very still now Baloo had finished.

"The jungle people put them out of their mouths and out of their mind. They are very many, evil, dirty, shameless, and they desire, if they have any fixed desires, to be noticed by the jungle people. But we do not notice them, even when they throw nuts and branches on our heads."

He had hardly spoken when a shower of nuts and twigs spattered down through the branches; and they could hear coughings and howlings and angry jumpings high up in the air among the thin branches.

"The monkey people are forbidden," said Baloo, "forbidden to the jungle people. Remember."

"Forbidden!" said Bagheera, "but I still think Baloo should have warned thee."

"I—I? How was I to guess he would play with such dirt? The monkey people. Faugh!"

A fresh shower came down on their heads, and the two trotted away, taking Mowgli with them. What Baloo had said about the monkeys was perfectly true. They belonged to the tree tops, and as beasts very seldom look up, there was no occasion for the monkeys and the jungle people to cross each other's path. But whenever they found a sick wolf or a wounded tiger or bear, the monkeys would torment him, and would throw sticks and nuts at any beast for fun and in the hope of being noticed. Then they would howl and shriek senseless songs, and invite the jungle people to climb up their trees and fight them, or would start furious battles over nothing among themselves and leave the dead monkeys where the jungle people would see them. They were always just going to have a leader and laws and customs of their own, but they never

did, because their memories would not hold over from day to day, and so they compromised things by making up or saying: "What the bandar-log think now the jungle will think later," and that comforted them a great deal. None of the beasts could reach them, but, on the other hand, none of the beasts would notice them, and that is why they were so pleased when Mowgli came to play with them and they heard how angry Baloo was.

They never meant to do any more—the bandar-log never mean anything at all—but one of them had what seemed to him a brilliant idea, and he told all the others that Mowgli would be a useful person to keep in the tribe because he could weave sticks together for protection from the wind; so if they caught him they could make him teach them. Of course, Mowgli, as a woodcutter's child, inherited all sorts of instincts, and used to make little huts of fallen branches without thinking how he came to do it; and the monkey people, watching in the trees, considered his play most wonderful. This time they said they were really going to have a leader and become the wisest people in the jungle—so wise that every one else would notice and envy them. Therefore they followed Baloo and Bagheera and Mowgli through the jungle very quietly till it was time for the mid-day nap, and Mowgli, who was very much ashamed of himself, slept between the panther and the bear, resolving to have no more to do with the monkey people.

The next thing he remembered was feeling hands on his legs and arms—hard, strong, little hands—and then a swash of branches in his face, and then he was staring down through the swaying boughs as Baloo woke the jungle with his deep cries and Bagheera bounded up the trunk with every tooth bared. Then there broke out the most awful clamor the jungle ever heard. The bandar-log howled with triumph and bounded away to the upper branches, where Bagheera dared not follow, shouting: "He has noticed us! Bagheera has noticed us! All the jungle people admire us for our skill and our cunning." Then they began their flight; and the flight of the monkey people through tree-land is one of the things nobody can describe. They have their regular roads and cross-roads, up hills and down hills, all laid out at from fifty to seventy or a hundred feet above ground, and by these they can travel even in the night if necessary. Two of the strongest monkeys caught Mowgli under the arms and swung off with him through the treetops, twenty feet at a bound. Had they been alone they could have gone twice as fast, but the boy's weight held them back. Sick and giddy as Mowgli was, he could not help enjoying the wild rush, though the glimpses of earth far down below frightened him, and the terrible check and jerk at the end of the swing over nothing but empty air brought his heart between his teeth. His escort would rush him up a tree till he felt the thinnest, topmost branches crackle and bend under them, and then with a cough and a whoop would fling themselves into the air outward and downward, and bring up hanging by their hands or feet to the limbs of the next tree. Sometimes he could see for miles and miles over the still green jungle, as a man on the top of a mast can see for miles across the sea; and then the branches and leaves would lash him across the face, and he and his two guards would be almost down on the earth again. So, bounding and crashing and whooping and yelling, the whole tribe of bandar-log swept along the tree roads, with Mowgli their prisoner.

For some time he was afraid of being dropped. Then he grew angry, but knew better than to struggle, and then he began to think. The first thing was to send back word to Baloo and Bagheera, for, at the pace the monkeys were going, he knew his friends would be left far behind. It was no use to look down, for he could only see the upper sides of the branches, so he stared upward and saw, far away in the blue, Rann the kite balancing and wheeling as he kept watch over the woods waiting for things to die. Rann saw the monkeys were carrying something and dropped a few hundred yards to find out whether their load was good

to eat. He whistled with surprise when he saw Mowgli being dragged up to a tree-top, and heard him give the kite call for, "We be of one blood, thou and I." The waves of the tree-top closed over the boy, but Rann balanced away to the next tree in time to see the little brown face come up again. "Mark my trail," Mowgli shouted. "Tell Baloo of the Seeonee pack, and Bagheera of the council rock."

"In whose name, brother?" Rann had never seen Mowgli before, though, of course, he had heard of him.

"Mowgli, the frog. Man cub, they call me! Mark my trail!"

The last words were shrieked as he was being swung through the air, but Rann nodded and rose up till he looked no bigger than a speck of dust, and there he hung, watching with his telescope eyes the swaying of the tree-tops as Mowgli's escort whirled along.

"They never go far," he said, with a chuckle. "They never do what they set out to do. Always pecking at new things, are the bandar-log. This time, if I have any eyesight, they have pecked down trouble for themselves."

So he rocked on his wings, his feet gathered up under him, and waited.

Meantime, Baloo and Bagheera were furious with rage and grief. Bagheera climbed as he never climbed before, but the thin branches broke under his weight, and he slipped down with his claws full of bark.

"Why didst thou not warn the man-cub?" he roared to poor Baloo, who had set off at a clumsy trot in the hope of overtaking the monkeys. "What was the use of half-slaying him with blows if thou didst not warn him?"

"Haste! Oh, haste! We—we may catch them yet," Baloo panted.

"At that speed! It would not tire a wounded cow. Teacher of the Law, cub-beater—a mile of that rolling to and fro would burst thee open. Sit still and think—make a plan. This is no time for chasing. They may drop him if we follow too close."

"Arrula? Whoo? They may have dropped him already, being tired of carrying him. Who can trust the bandar-log? Put dead bats on my head! Give me black bones to eat! Roll me into the hives of the wild bees that I may be stung to death, and bury me with the hyena, for I am the most miserable of bears! Arulala! Wahooa! O Mowgli, Mowgli! Why did I not warn thee of the monkey folk instead of breaking thy head? Now perhaps I may have knocked the day's lesson out of his mind, and he will be alone in the jungle without the master words."

Baloo clasped his paws over his ears and rolled to and fro moaning.

"At least he gave me the words correctly a little time ago," said Bagheera impatiently. "Baloo, thou hast neither memory nor self-respect. What would the jungle think if I, the black panther, curled myself up like Ikki, the porcupine, and howled?"

"What do I care what the jungle thinks? He may be dead by now."

"Unless and until they drop him from the branches in sport, or kill him out of idleness, I have no fear for the man cub. He is wise and well taught, and, above all, he has the eyes that make the jungle people afraid. But (and it is a great evil) he is in the power of the bandar-log, and they, because they live in trees, have no fear of any of our people." Bagheera licked his paw thoughtfully.

"Fool that I am! Oh, fat, brown, root-digging fool that I am!" said Baloo, uncoiling himself with a jerk. "It is true what Hathi, the wild elephant, says: 'To each his own fear,' and they, the bandar-log, fear Kaa, the rock snake. He can climb as well as they can. He steals the young monkeys in the night. The whisper of his name makes their tails cold. Let us go to Kaa."

"What will he do for us? He is not of our tribe, being footless—with most evil eyes," said Bagheera.

"He is very old and very wise. Above all he is always hungry," said Baloo, hopefully. "Promise him goats."

"He sleeps for a full month after he has once eaten. He may be asleep now, and even were he awake, what if he would rather kill his own goats?" Bagheera, who did not know much about Kaa, was naturally suspicious.

"Then in that case, thou and I together, old hunter, might make him see reason." Here Baloo rubbed his faded brown shoulder against the panther, and they went off to look for Kaa, the rock python.

They found him stretched out on a warm ledge in the afternoon sun admiring his beautiful new coat, for he had been in retirement for the last ten days changing his skin, and now he was very splendid—darting his big, blunt-nosed head along the ground and twisting the thirty feet of his body into fantastic knots and curves and licking his lips as he thought of his dinner to come.

"He has not eaten," said Baloo with a grunt of relief, as soon as he saw the beautifully mottled brown and yellow jacket. "Be careful, Bagheera. He is always a little blind after he has changed his skin, and very quick to strike."

Kaa was not a poison snake; in fact, he rather despised the poison snakes as cowards; but his strength lay in his hug, and when he once had lapped his huge coils around anybody there was no more to be said.

"Good hunting," cried Baloo, sitting up on his haunches. Like all snakes of his breed Kaa was deaf and did not hear the call at first. Then he curled up, ready for any accident, his head lowered.

"Good hunting for us all," he answered. "Oho, Baloo, what dost thou do here? Good hunting, Bagheera. One of us at least needs food. Is there any news of game afoot?

"MARK MY TRAIL," MOWGLI SHOUTED.

A doe now, or even a young buck? I am very hungry."

"We are hunting," said Baloo. He knew that you must not hurry Kaa. He is too big.

"Give me permission to come with you," said Kaa. "A blow more or less is nothing to thee, Bagheera, or Baloo and I. I have to wait and wait for days in a wood path and climb half a night on the mere chance of a young ape. Bah! The branches are not what they were when I was young. Rotten twigs and dry boughs are they all."

"Maybe thy great weight has something to do with the matter," said Baloo.

"I am a fair length, a fair length," said Kaa, with a little pride; "but for all that it is the fault of this new-grown timber. I came very near to falling on my last hunt—very near, indeed—and the noise of my slipping, for my tail was not tight wrapped round the tree, waked the bandar-log, and they called me most evil names."

"Footless, yellow earthworm," said Bagheera, under his whiskers, as though he were trying to remember something.

"Sssss! Have they ever called me that?" said Kaa.

"Something of that kind it was that they shouted to us last moon, but we never noticed them. They will say everything, even that thou hast lost all thy teeth and dare not face anything bigger than a kid, because (they are indeed shameless, these bandar-log)—because thou art afraid of the he-goat's horns," Bagheera went on, sweetly.

Now, a snake, especially a wary old python like Kaa, very seldom shows that he is angry, but Baloo and Bagheera could see the big swallowing muscles on either side of Kaa's throat ripple and bulge.

"The bandar-log have shifted their grounds," he said, quietly. "When I came into the sun to-day I heard them whooping among the tree-tops.

"It—it is the bandar-log that we follow now," said Baloo, but the words stuck in his throat, for that was the first time in his memory that one of the jungle people had owned to be interested in the doings of the monkeys.

"Beyond doubt, then, it is no small thing that takes two such hunters—leaders in their own jungle, I am certain—on the trail of the bandar-log," Kaa said, courteously.

"Indeed," Baloo began, "I am no more than the old and sometimes very foolish teacher of the law to the Seeonee wolf cubs, and Bagheera here—"

"Is Bagheera," said the panther, and his jaws shut with a snap, for he did not believe in being humble. "The trouble is this, Kaa. Those nut-stealers and pickers of palm leaves have stolen away our man cub, of whom thou hast perhaps heard."

"I heard some news from Ikki (his quills make him presumptuous) of a man thing that was entered into a wolf pack; but I did not believe. Ikki is full of stories half heard and very badly told."

"But it is true. He is such a man cub as never was," said Baloo. "The best and wisest and boldest of man cubs—my own pupil, who shall make the name of Baloo famous through all the jungle, and besides I—we—love him, Kaa."

"Ss! Ts!" said Kaa, shaking his head to and fro. "I also have known what love is. There are tales I could tell that—"

"That need a clear night when we are all well fed to praise properly," said Bagheera quickly. "Our man cub is in the hands of the bandar-log now, and we know that of all the jungle people they fear Kaa alone."

"They fear me alone? They have good reason," said Kaa. "Chattering, foolish, vain—vain, foolish, and chattering are the monkeys; but a man thing in their hands is in no good luck. They grow tired of the nuts they pick and throw them down. They carry a branch half a day, meaning to do great things, and then they snap it in two. That man thing is not to be envied. They called me also yellow fish, was it not?"

"Worm—worm—earthworm," said Bagheera. "As well as other things which I cannot say for shame."

"We must remind them to speak well of their master. Ah! we must help their wandering memories. Now, whither went they with the cub?"

"The jungle alone knows. Toward the sunset, I believe," said Baloo. "We had thought that thou wouldst know, Kaa."

"I? How? I take them when they come in my way, but I do not hunt the bandar-log, or frogs, or green scum on a water hole, for that matter. Hsss!"

"Up! up! up! up! Hillo! Illo! Illo! Look up! Baloo of the Seeonee wolf pack."

Baloo looked up to see where the voice came from, and there was Rann, the kite, sweeping down with the sun shining on the upturned flanges of his wings. It was near Rann's bedtime, but he had ranged all over the jungle looking for the bear, and missed him in the thick foliage.

"What is it?" said Baloo.

"I have seen Mowgli with the bandar-log. He bid me tell you. I watched. The bandar-log have taken him beyond the river, to the monkey city, to the cold lairs. They may stay there for a night, or ten nights, or an hour. I have told the bats to watch through the dark time. That is my message. Good hunting, all you below."

"Full gorge and a deep sleep to you, Rann," cried Bagheera. "I will remember thee at my next kill, and put aside the head for thee alone, O best of kites!"

"It is nothing. It is nothing. The boy held the master word. I could have done no less," and Rann circled up again to his roost.

"He has not forgotten to use his tongue," said Baloo, with a chuckle of pride. "To think of one so young remembering the master word, for the birds, too, while he was being pulled across trees!"

"It was most firmly driven into him," said Bagheera. "But I am proud of him, and now we must go to the cold lairs."

They all knew where that place was, but few of the jungle people ever went there, because what they called the cold lairs was an old deserted city, lost and buried in the jungle, and beasts seldom use a place that men have once used. The wild boar will, but the hunting tribes do not. Besides, the monkeys lived there as much as they could be said to live anywhere, and no self-respecting animal would come within eyeshot of it, except in times of drought, when the half-ruined tanks and reservoirs held a little water.

"It is half a night's journey—at full speed," said Bagheera, and Baloo looked serious.

"I will go as fast as I can," he said, anxiously.

"We dare not wait for thee. Come as swiftly as thou canst. We must go on the quick foot, Kaa and I."

"Feet or no feet, I can keep abreast of all thy four," said Kaa shortly. Baloo made one effort to hurry, but had to sit down panting, and so they left him to come on later, while Bagheera hurried forward at the quick panther canter. Kaa said nothing, but, strive as Bagheera might, the huge rock python held level with him. When they came to a hill stream Bagheera gained, because he bounded across while Kaa swam, his head and two feet of his neck clearing the water; but on rocky ground Kaa made up the distance.

"By the bull that bought me," said Bagheera, when twilight had fallen, "thou art no slow-goer."

"I am hungry," said Kaa. "Besides, they called me speckled frog."

"Worm—earthworm, and yellow as well."

"All one. Let us go on," and he seemed to pour himself along the ground, finding the shortest road with his steady eyes and keeping to it.

In the cold lairs the monkey people were not thinking of Mowgli's friends at all. They had brought the boy to the Lost City, and were very pleased with themselves for the time. Mowgli had never seen an Indian city before, and though this was almost a heap of ruins, it seemed very wonderful and splendid. Some king had built it long ago on a little hill. You could still trace the stone causeways that led up to the ruined gates, where the last splinters of wood hung to the worn, rusted hinges. Trees had grown into

and out of the walls; the battlements were tumbled down and decayed, and wild creepers hung out of the windows of the towers on the walls in bushy clumps.

A great roofless palace crowned the hill, and the marble of the courtyards and the fountains was split and stained with red and green, and the very cobblestones in the courtyard, where the king's elephants used to live, had been thrust up and apart by the grasses and young trees. From the palace you could see the rows and rows of roofless houses that made up the city, looking like empty honeycombs filled with blackness; the shapeless block of stone that had been an idol, in the square where four roads met; the pits and dimples at street corners where the public wells once stood, and the shattered domes of temples with wild figs sprouting on their sides. The monkeys called the place their city, and pretended to despise the jungle people because they lived in the forest. And yet they never knew what the buildings were made for and how to use them. They would sit in circles in the hall of the king's council chamber, and scratch for fleas, and pretend to be men; or they would run in and out of the roofless houses and collect pieces of plaster and old bricks in a corner, and forget where they had hidden them, and fight and cry in scuffling crowds, and then break off to play up and down the terraces of the king's garden. They would shake the rose trees and the oranges in sport to see the fruit and flowers fall. They explored all the passages and dark tunnels in the palace and the hundreds of little dark rooms, but they never remembered what they had seen and what they had not, and so drifted about in ones and twos or crowds, telling each other that they were doing as men did. They drank at the tanks and made the water all muddy, and then they fought over it, and then they would all rush together in mobs and shout: "There is no one in the jungle so wise and good and clever and strong and gentle as the bandar-log." Then all would begin again till they grew tired of the city and went back to the tree-tops, hoping the jungle people would notice them.

Mowgli, who had been trained under the law of the jungle, did not like or understand this kind of life. The monkeys dragged him into the city late in the afternoon, and instead of going to sleep, as Mowgli would have done after a long journey, they joined hands and danced about and sang their foolish songs. One of the monkeys made a speech, and told his companions that Mowgli's capture marked a new thing in the history of the bandar-log, for Mowgli was going to show them how to weave sticks and canes together as a protection against rain and cold. Mowgli picked up some creepers and began to work them in and out, and the monkeys tried to imitate; but in a very few minutes they lost interest, and began to pull their friends' tails or jump up and down on all fours, coughing.

"I want to eat," said Mowgli. "I

"SSSSS! HAVE THEY EVER CALLED ME THAT?" SAID KAA.

am a stranger in this part of the jungle. Bring me food, or give me leave to hunt here."

Twenty or thirty monkeys bounded away to bring him nuts and wild paw-paws: but they fell to fighting on the road, and it was too much trouble to go back with what was left of their fruit. Mowgli was sore and angry as well as hungry, and he roamed through the empty city, giving the stranger's hunting call from time to time; but no one answered him, and Mowgli felt that he had reached a very bad place. "All that Baloo has said about the bandar-log is true," he thought to himself. "They have no law, no hunting call, and no leaders—nothing but foolish words and little picking, thievish hands. I am a very bad man cub, and if I am starved or killed here, it will be all my own fault. But I must try to return to my own jungle. Baloo will surely beat me, but that is better than picking silly rose-leaves with the bandar-log."

No sooner had he walked to the city wall than the monkeys pulled him back, telling him that he did not know how happy he was, and pinching him to make him grateful. He set his teeth and said nothing, but went with the shouting monkeys to a terrace above the red sandstone reservoirs, that were always half full. There was a ruined summerhouse of white marble in the centre of the terrace, built for queens dead a hundred years ago. The domed roof had half fallen in, and blocked up the underground passage from the palace by which the queens used to enter, but the walls were made of screens of marble tracery—beautiful milk-white fretwork set with agates and carnelians, and jasper and lapis lazuli; and as the moon came up behind the hill it shone through the openwork, casting shadows on the ground like black velvet embroidery. Sore, sleepy, and hungry as he was, Mowgli could not help laughing when the bandar-log began, twenty at a time, to tell him how great and wise and strong and gentle they were, and how foolish he was to wish to leave them. "We are great. We are free. We are wonderful. We are the most wonderful people in the world. We all say so, and so it must be true," they shouted. "Now, as you are a new listener, and can carry our words back to the jungle people, so that they may notice us in future, we will tell you all about our excellent selves."

Mowgli made no objection, and the monkeys gathered by hundreds and hundreds on the terrace to listen to their own speakers singing the praises of the bandar-log, and whenever a speaker stopped for want of breath they would all shout together: "This is true; we all say so." Mowgli nodded and blinked, and said yes, when they asked him a question, and his head spun with the noise. "Tabaqui must have bitten all these people," he said to himself, "and now they have the madness. Certainly this is dewance, the madness. Do they never go to sleep? Now there is a cloud coming to cover that moon. If it were only a big enough cloud, I might try to run away in the darkness. I am tired."

That same cloud was being watched by two good friends in the ruined ditch, for Bagheera and Kaa, knowing well how dangerous the monkey people were in large numbers, did not wish to run any risks. The monkeys never fight unless they are a hundred to one, and no one in the jungle cares for those odds.

"I will go to the west wall," Kaa whispered, "and come down swiftly with the slope of the ground in my favor. They will throw themselves upon my back in their hundreds, but—"

"I know it," said Bagheera. "Would that Baloo was here, but we must do what we can. When the cloud covers the moon I shall go to the terrace. They hold some sort of council there over the boy."

"Good hunting," said Kaa grimly, and glided away to the west wall. That happened to be the least ruined of any, and the big snake was delayed for some time before he could find a way up the stones. The cloud hid the moon, and as Mowgli wondered what would come next he heard Bagheera's light feet on the terrace. The black panther had raced up the slope with-

out a sound, and was striking—he knew better than to waste time in biting—right and left among the monkeys, who were seated around Mowgli in circles fifty and sixty deep. There was a howl of fright and rage, and then, as Bagheera tripped on the rolling, kicking bodies beneath him, a monkey shouted:

"There is only one here! Kill him, kill."

A scuffling mass of monkeys, biting, scratching, tearing, and pulling, closed over Bagheera, while five or six laid hold of Mowgli, dragged him up the wall of the summerhouse, and pushed him through the hole and the broken dome. A man-trained boy would have been badly bruised, for the fall was a good fifteen feet; but Mowgli fell as Baloo had taught him to fall, and landed on his feet.

"Stay there," shouted the monkeys, "till we have killed thy friends, and later we will play with thee, if the poison people leave thee alive."

"We be of one blood, thou and I," said Mowgli quickly, giving the snake's call. He could hear rustling and hissing in the rubbish all around him, and gave the call a second time.

"Even s-s-s-o!" said half a dozen low voices. (Every old ruin in India becomes sooner or later a dwelling-place of snakes.) "Stand still, little brother, for thy feet may do us harm."

Mowgli stood as quietly as he could, peering through the openwork and listening to the furious din of the fight round the black panther—the yells and chatterings and scufflings, and Bagheera's deep, hoarse cough as he backed and bucked and twisted and plunged under the heaps of his enemies. For the first time since he was born, Bagheera was fighting for his life. "Baloo must be at hand. He could not have come alone," Mowgli thought, and then he called aloud: "To the tank, Bagheera! Roll to the water tanks. Roll and plunge. Get to the water."

Bagheera heard, and the cry that told him Mowgli was safe gave him new courage. He worked his way desperately inch by inch straight for the reservoirs, hitting in silence. Then from the ruined wall nearest the jungle rose up the echoing war shout of Baloo. The old bear had done his best, but he could not come before. "Bagheera," he shouted, "I am here. I climb! I haste! Ahuwora. The stones slip under my feet! Wait my coming, O most infamous bandar-log!" He panted up the terrace only to disappear to the head in a wave of monkeys, but he threw himself squarely on his haunches, and spreading out his paws hugged as many as he could hold, and then began to hit with a regular bat—bat—bat—like the flapping strokes of a paddle-wheel. A crash and a splash told Mowgli that Bagheera had fought his way to the tank, where the monkeys could not follow. The panther lay gasping for breath, his head just out of water, while the monkeys stood three deep on the red steps, dancing up and down with rage, ready to spring upon him from all sides if he came out to help Baloo. It was then that he lifted up his dripping chin and in despair gave the snake's call for protection—"We be of one blood, thou and I"—for he believed that Kaa had turned tail at the last minute. Even Baloo, half smothered under the bandar-log on the edge of the terrace, could not help chuckling as he heard the black panther asking for help.

Kaa had only just worked his way over the west wall, landing with a wrench that dislodged a caving stone into the ditch. He had no intention of losing any advantage of the ground, and coiled and uncoiled himself once or twice to be sure that every foot of his long body was in working order; and all that time the fight with Baloo went on, and the monkeys yelled on the tank round Bagheera; and Mang, the bat, flying to and fro, carried the news of the great battle over the jungle till even Hathi, the wild elephant, trumpeted, and far away scattered bands of the monkey folk woke and came leaping along the tree roads to help their comrades in the cold lairs, and the noise of the fight woke all the day birds for miles around. Then Kaa came—straight, quickly, and anxious to kill. The fighting strength of a python is in the driving blow of his head, backed by all the strength and weight of his

"FEET OR NO FEET, I CAN KEEP ABREAST OF ALL THY FOUR," SAID KAA SHORTLY.

body. If you can imagine a lance or a battering ram or a hammer weighing half a ton driven by a cool, quiet mind that lives in the handle of it, you can roughly imagine what Kaa was like when he fought. A python four or five feet long can knock a man down if he hits him fairly in the chest, and Kaa was thirty feet long, as you know. His first stroke was delivered into the heart of the crowd round Baloo—was sent home with shut mouth, in silence, and there was no need of a second. The monkeys scattered with cries of "Kaa! It is Kaa! Run! run!"

Generations of bandar-log had been scared into good behavior by the stories their elders told them of Kaa, the night thief, who could slip along the branches as quietly as moss grows, and steal away the strongest monkey that ever lived; of old Kaa, who could make himself look so like a dead branch or a rotten stump that the wisest were deceived; and then Kaa was everything that the monkeys feared in the jungle, for none of them knew the limits of his power, none of them could look him in the face, and none had ever come alive out of his hug. And so they ran, stammering with terror, to the walls and the roofs of the houses, and Baloo drew a deep breath of relief. His fur was much thicker than Bagheera's, but he had suffered sorely in the fight. Then Kaa opened his mouth for the first time and spoke one long hissing word, and the far-away monkeys hurrying to the defense of the cold lairs stayed where they were, cowering till the loaded branches bent and crackled under them. The monkeys on the walls and the empty houses stopped their cries, and in the stillness that fell upon the city Mowgli heard Bagheera shaking his wet sides as he came up from the tank. Then the clamor broke out again. The monkeys leaped higher up the walls, they clung round the necks of the big stone idols, and they shrieked as they skipped along the battlements, while Mowgli, dancing in the summerhouse, put his eye to the screenwork and hooted between his front teeth, owl-fashion, to show his derision and contempt.

"Get the man cub out of that trap. I can do no more," Bagheera gasped. "Let us take the man cub and go. They may attack again."

"They will not move till I order them. Stay you, s-s-s-s-o!" Kaa hissed, and the city was silent once more. "I could not come before, brother, but I think I heard thee call." This was to Bagheera.

"I—I may have cried out in the battle," Bagheera answered. "Baloo, art thou hurt?"

"I am not sure that they did not pull me into a hundred little bearlings," said Baloo, gravely, shaking one leg after the other. "Wow! I am sore. Kaa, we owe thee, I think, our lives, Bagheera and I."

"No matter, where is the manling?"

"Here in a trap; I cannot climb out," cried Mowgli. The curve of the broken dome was above his head.

"Take him away. He dances like Mao. He will crush our young," said the snakes inside.

"Hah!" said Kaa, with a chuckle. "He has friends everywhere, this manling. Stand back, manling, and hide you, O poison people. I break down the wall."

Kaa looked carefully till he found a discolored crack in the marble tracery showing a weak spot, made two or three light taps with his head to get the distance, and then lifting up six feet of his body clear of the ground, sent in half a dozen full-power smashing blows, nose first. The screen-work broke and fell away in a cloud of dust and rubbish, and Mowgli leaped through the opening and flung himself between Baloo and Bagheera—an arm around each big neck.

"Art thou hurt?" said Baloo, hugging him softly.

"I am sore, hungry, and not a little bruised, but, oh, they have handled ye grievously, my brothers. Ye bleed."

"Others also," said Bagheera, licking his lips and looking at the monkeys dead on the terrace and round the tank.

"It is nothing. It is nothing if thou art safe. Oh, my pride of all little frogs!" whimpered Baloo.

"Of that we shall judge later," said Bagheera, in a dry voice that Mowgli did not at all like. "But here is Kaa, to whom we owe the battle and thou owest thy life. Thank him according to our customs, Mowgli."

Mowgli turned and saw the great python's head swaying a foot above his own.

"So this is the manling," said Kaa. "Very soft is his skin, and he is not unlike the bandar-log. Have a care, manling, that I do not mistake thee for a monkey some twilight when I have newly changed my coat."

"We be one blood, thou and I," Mowgli answered. "I take my life from thee to-night. My kill shall be thy kill if ever thou art hungry, O Kaa."

"All thanks, little brother," said Kaa, though his eyes twinkled. "And what may so bold a hunter kill? I ask that I may follow when next thou goest abroad."

"I kill nothing. I am too little, but I drive goats toward such as can use them. When thou art empty come to me, and see if I speak the truth. I have some skill in my hands, and if ever thou art in a trap I may pay the debt which I owe to thee, to Bagheera, and to Baloo. Good hunting to ye all, my masters."

"Well said," growled Baloo, for Mowgli had returned thanks very prettily. The python dropped his head lightly for a minute on Mowgli's shoulder. "A brave heart and a courteous tongue," said he. "They shall carry thee far through the jungle, manling. But now go hence quickly with thy friends. Go and sleep, for the moon sets, and what follows it is not well that thou shouldst watch."

The moon was sinking behind the hills, and the lines of trembling monkeys huddled together on the walls and battlements looked liked ragged, shaky fringes of things. Baloo went down to the tank for a drink, and Bagheera began to put his fur in order, as Kaa glided out into the centre of the terrace, and brought his jaws together with a ringing snap that drew all the monkeys' eyes upon him.

"The moon sets," he said. "Is there yet light enough to see?"

From the walls came a moan like the wind in the tree-tops: "We see, O Kaa!"

"Good. Begins now the dance—the dance of the hunger of Kaa. Sit still and watch."

He turned twice or thrice in a big circle, weaving his head from right to left. Then he began making loops and figures of eight with his body—and soft, cosy triangles that melted

into squares and five-sided figures, and coiled mounds, never resting, never hurrying, and never stopping a low humming song. It grew darker and darker, till at last the dragging, shifting coils disappeared, but they could hear the rustle of the scales.

Baloo and Bagheera stood still as stone, growling in their throats, their neck hair bristling, and Mowgli watched and wondered.

"Bandar-log," said the voice of Kaa at last. "Can ye stir foot or hand without my order? Speak!"

"KAA! IT IS KAA! RUN! RUN!"

"Without thy order we cannot stir foot or hand, O Kaa!"

"Good! Come all one pace nearer to me."

The lines of the monkeys swayed forward helplessly, and Baloo and Bagheera took one stiff step forward with them.

"Nearer!" hissed Kaa, and they all moved again.

Mowgli laid his hands on Baloo and Bagheera to get them away, and the two great animals started as though they had been waked from a dream.

"Keep thy hand on my shoulder," Bagheera whispered. "Keep it there, or I must go back—must go back to Kaa-Aaah."

"Bah! It is only old Kaa making

circles in the dust," said Mowgli; "let us go," and the three slipped off through a gap in the walls to the jungle.

"Whoof!" said Baloo, when he stood under the still trees again. "Never more will I make an ally of Kaa," and he shook himself all over.

"He knows more than me," said Bagheera, trembling. "In a little time, had I stayed, I should have walked down his throat."

"Many will walk by that road before the moon rises again," said Baloo. "He will have good hunting—after his own fashion."

"But what was the meaning of it all?" said Mowgli, who did not know anything of a python's powers of fascination. "I saw no more than a big snake making foolish circles till the dark came. And his nose was all sore. Ho! Ho!"

"Mowgli," said Bagheera, angrily, "his nose was sore on thy account, as my ears and sides and paws and Baloo's neck and shoulders are bitten on thy account. Neither Baloo nor Bagheera will be able to hunt with pleasure for many days."

"It is nothing," said Baloo; "we have the man cub again."

"True; but he has cost us heavily in time which might have been spent in good hunting, in wounds, in hair—I am half plucked along my back—and, last of all, in honor. For, remember, Mowgli, I, who am the black panther, was forced to call upon Kaa for protection, and Baloo and I were both made stupid as little birds by the hunger dance. All this, man cub, came of thy playing with the bandar-log in the first place."

"True. It is true," said Mowgli, sorrowfully. "I am an evil man cub, and my stomach is sad in me."

"Mf! What says the law of the jungle, Baloo?"

Baloo did not wish to bring Mowgli into any more trouble, but he could not tamper with the law, so he mumbled: "Sorrow never stays punishment; but, remember, he is very little."

"I will remember, but he has done mischief, and blows must be dealt now. Mowgli, hast thou anything to say?"

"Nothing. I did wrong, Baloo, and thou art wounded. It is just."

MOWGLI TURNED AND SAW THE GREAT PYTHON'S HEAD.

Bagheera gave him half a dozen love taps, from a panther's point of view (they would hardly have waked one of his own children), but for a seven-year-old boy they amounted to as severe a beating as you could wish to avoid. When it was all over Mowgli sneezed, and picked himself up without a word.

"Now," said Bagheera, "jump on my back, little brother, and we will go home."

One of the beauties of the jungle law is that punishment settles all scores. There is no nagging afterward.

Mowgli laid his head down on Bagheera's back, and slept so deeply that he never waked when he was put down by Mother Wolf's side in the home cave.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

By M. de Blowitz, European Correspondent of the "London Times."

ON the 19th of last January I drew for the first time the attention of Europe to the pressing need of military retrenchments in time of peace, unless it wished to experience the sad necessity of seeing war break out suddenly and against its will. Ever since then scarcely a day has gone by without some voice being heard here or there in Europe in support of my view, in comment upon it, or in argument against it. But it has been annoying that, in all this expression of opinion, no one hitherto seems to have exactly understood the real drift of my remarks, nor the end which I had set before me. To-day, since the opportunity is offered me of explaining myself in a magazine still young and open to ideas in that youthful America where matters are considered with so peculiarly a practical sense, and where clear ideas and plain statements are always sure of soliciting numerous supporters, I desire to try to say definitely and concisely what was my guiding thought when I raised the question wrongly called the question of European disarmament.

And I may say immediately, that I appeal here to all who are stirred by a sincere love of humanity, to all who believe that war, whatever its motive, retards the march of the race, paralyzing for long periods, and without compensating advantages, the activity of human intelligence, together with all that makes up the glory of peaceful, highly-developed societies, and eclipsing the great ideals of brotherly love and kindness which are the leaven of civilization. To all such I appeal, en-

treating them to bind their energies to the solution of the greatest and the noblest problem of the present moment; to help, in a word, in rendering possible, if not universal peace, for that is a chimera, at least the prolongation of such a period of peace as will prevent from being driven into hostilities every one of those nations now attended by the spectre of war.

From my very first article, that of January 19th, my remarks have had reference neither to disarmament nor to tribunals of arbitration, nor, indeed, to any of those ideal absolute or radical measures which arouse general distrust, and which to many minds seem like a pretentious joke or an obvious snare rather than suggestions profitable in the interests of peace.

What! talk of disarmament to nations which for twenty-five years have transformed the pure gold of their treasures into the armor in which they are now fierce to the teeth! This would truly be, like the Saxon king, to seek to stem the rising of the sea, or to turn back rivers in their course. Let it be admitted once and for all that it is hopeless to think of setting bounds to the pride of the nations, hopeless to dream of banishing with a single conjuring word from the hearts of European peoples their covetous desires, their secret ambitions, their hates, and their unslaked sentiments of revenge. No attempt need be made to inoculate to this extent the minds of Europe with the spirit of the gospel, to make reign in all hearts the power of the word of Him who taught forgetfulness of injuries and the love of one's neighbor as one's self.

But short of this Utopian dream, what we should seek to bring about, what must be striven after at any and every cost, is to secure to the people of Europe a control over their own destinies; to make it possible for them to hold in their own hands the leashes of the dogs of war; in a word, to render them free to maintain peace so long as peace seems good to them, and not allow them to be exposed to be driven into battle except when they wish it. This, no doubt, is the minimum that we should strive after. Yet this minimum would be in itself an enormous result; for at the present moment the most dreadful menace to Europe is the possibility of its being pushed fatefully into war, while all the time ardently desiring peace. Armed to-day beyond all measure, it still goes on increasing its means of offence and defence. Indeed, everywhere in Europe, even in the richest states, the armaments are out of all proportion to the resources at the disposal of those states.

For instance, take France. Its official budget represents a sum of not more than eight hundred millions of francs; but if to this be added the credits required for the incessant alterations in equipments, for partial mobilizations, for unexpected military expeditions, and for quite a series still of unforeseen expenses which have to do with the army, the military budget alone, and that, too, in a period of peace, will be found to have swollen to more than a milliard of francs. This is but one chapter of the general budget, yet it imposes upon every Frenchman, man, woman, or child, an annual burden of thirty francs, and upon every tax-payer an annual burden of two hundred francs!

When it is remembered that no Frenchman escapes this burden, that it weighs upon every member of the community, that the same thing is true of the whole of Europe, that every human item, rich man or peasant, of the European family is thus obliged to take this considerable part in the effort to maintain the state of armed neutrality, out of which at any moment may burst the spark of war—a war of which no prophet can foretell the extent nor the consequences, a war which may retard civilization on its high course, sterilize all resources, and scatter upon the planet the seeds of unknown calamity—when all this, I say, is remembered, the danger of the present moment cannot be too much exaggerated; and is it too much to ask that men should strive at least after that end which I have called the minimum of demand?

Europe is armed to-day to such a

point that it cannot much longer support what is curiously enough known as the "state of peace." But this "state of peace" is a state in which the preoccupation of military matters absorbs the purest revenues of the country, uses up the vital forces of a nation without any corresponding production, and impoverishes the peoples, not merely because of the amount of the resources required to maintain permanent armies, but because of the number of arms and hands thus rendered unproductive.

Formerly Europe acted on the principle of years of prolonged active service and of reduced annual contingents. In these circumstances the soldier remained under arms seven or five years. *Congés* were infrequent. It was possible, when one was called upon to serve, to obtain a substitute among men who made of the military life a profession, who lived and died only as soldiers, who were veterans accustomed to long marches and to all hardships, men who were excellent instructors for the raw recruit, and who formed in each army division a picked, impenetrable phalanx. The armies were not so gigantic as to-day; they were easier to handle, were equipped with less deadly weapons, took their time in choosing the fields of battle, and, once engaged, fought steadily, with far less murderous results than nowadays. Having coped with each other face to face, they retired after the victory, with mutual admiration for each other's valor, while they concluded an honorable, well-considered and lasting peace. And the peace was lasting for a curious reason, namely, just because the rival armies were not too heavy a load for the nations to carry. The nations were not crushed under their weight as they are to-day. And this brings us to the point from which we get a glimpse, odd and sad as the admission is, of the limited ideal which we are bound to pursue to-day, namely, to reduce the military burdens in times of peace so that these burdens may become tolerable over long periods, and not form in themselves a determining condition of war.

After the dreadful Franco-German war of 1870–1871, the principle of prolonged military service and of diminished annual contingents was given up. The monstrous principle of universal service was adopted instead. By this principle the whole nation is under arms. A country is no longer a country, a people is no longer a people; a nation is now nothing but an army, and a country is only a barrack. Everybody wears the uniform. Everybody is *sur le qui vive*. If war breaks out to-day, all professions become deserted, all functions abandoned; the life of the nation stops so that national activity may be said to begin again only with the blood that is shed. Moreover, before two hostile armies, that is, two nations which are enemies, join in combat, each of the two armies, that is, each of the two infinite hordes which traverse their several countries to meet eventually on the field of battle, will leave behind it a country in famine, its factories silent, and its trade paralyzed. Again, enormous stocks of food supplies must be accumulated on the frontiers where the two armies are likely to meet; but before reaching these inexhaustible magazines the armies must be fed while crossing their own territories, and that requires money. So that, before even the first gun is fired, each army will have expended enormous sums and left in its train towns and villages stripped of men and beasts, the cities in famine, the country without a single tiller of the field.

Before such a perspective as this the philosopher and the Christian must draw back in horror.

But it is not to be forgotten that when the principle of universal military service was adopted in Europe, it was thought indispensable to reduce the time of effective service. It was understood that when military service was universal, it would be out of the question to keep soldiers under the flag seven, or even five, years. In the former case seven contingents, or seven times the number of capable men—in a country like France one million five hundred thousand men—would thus be kept under the flag in time of

peace, and in the latter case, one million. This was evidently to decree the death of nations. The duration of military service was fixed, therefore, at three years. But a period of enlistment of three consecutive years, when military service is obligatory and universal, is as impracticable as a period of seven years, or a period of five. It is impossible to keep under the flag during three years the entire able-bodied population of a country. It is impossible to paralyze during this time all its capable hands, all its brains, all its productive forces. It is impossible to cast every year into the same gulf milliards after milliards. For I maintain that if they persist in this course, the nations groaning in time of peace under the burdens of the war budget will one day say to themselves, "All this must have an end." Whereupon this or that nation, and it may be the smallest, will, in a moment of exasperation, unmuzzle its cannon, and, before we have had time to ask whence comes the booming of the guns, all Europe will be in a blaze and be strewn with ruins. Such is the misfortune which forethought is called upon to prevent. But what I ask is merely that the nations continue to utilize the principle which they have already adopted. They began by admitting that, granted universal obligatory military service, a curtailment of the duration of effective service follows as a necessary corollary. It is imperative that they should cling to this principle.

Let me make my meaning clear. The effective service must be reduced from three years to one year and a quarter. During a quarter of the year there will be two contingents under the flag, and the old contingent will be able to instruct the first one. After five quarters of a year of service a contingent will return home to the fireside or the workshop, while the new contingent will still be under arms during another year. If need be, the system of *cadres supplementaires*, by virtue of which soldiers may be shifted from one contingent to another, may be preserved to a certain extent, mainly for the purpose of the instruction of the raw soldiers. But that is a detail. In general, by this change the time of service under the flag will be less protracted, to be sure, but that which may be devoted to work will be longer. If solid, seasoned armies, so-called, are what are desired, soldiers will have to be kept under arms during seven, five, or even nine years if need be. Short of this, however, it does not in the least matter whether the time of service is three years or one year and a quarter.

The existing systems of war administration need not, in these circumstances, suffer any alteration whatever; indeed, a whole series of fresh details necessarily implied in such a change may arise, and no doubt would; but all these questions are secondary. The principle of a year and a quarter military service is the single point upon which there can be no compromise, and upon which I insist. For this, I repeat, is the only possible way by which peace can be preserved as long as people wish it; only thus can they be sure of not being forced against their will into a war, to rid themselves of the burdens caused by their armaments.

If the period of effective service be reduced to a year and a quarter, it will be possible throughout Europe, even while preserving the administrations and the *cadres*, to make a retrenchment in all the war budgets of at least thirty-five per cent. But this is only one element of the advantage of such reduction. At the same time some millions of men will be restored to the fields, to the counting-houses, to the shops and factories, to the liberal professions, after only a comparatively brief interruption in their normal lives of some fifteen months, during which the hard exercise and the discipline will have been a great physical and moral good rather than a bane. Thus in Europe alone some milliards of francs will be saved annually; the dangers both moral and physical of too long a stay in barracks will be largely avoided; the barriers between soldiers and citizens will be less marked; and at the same time there will be no necessity in any country of reducing the effective force of the army.

The military service will still be obligatory and universal. The relative forces will remain the same. National policy need not, will not, be altered; and the shock of armies will be as dreadful as the most militant may desire. One thing only will be changed, but that one thing is of the most immense import. For, owing to that change, Europe will at last be in a position to support peace as long as ever it may desire, and it will make war when it has decided to do so in all sanity.

Such is my idea. I do not imagine that it is beyond the reach of criticism. But if another and better one can be substituted for it, no one will be more sincerely delighted than I.

However, as to the nature of the problem—and that is the main point—I think there can be no doubt whatever, no sort of chance for hostile criticism. The question is: How can peace be rendered tolerable? For today it is rapidly becoming intolerable. It cannot be too often repeated that there is a minimum demand which lies within our reach, and that this minimum is, that the several peoples shall be masters of their own destinies, not timorously expectant of a sudden outburst of war into which they will be hurled against their will. This is a simple enough remark, but right true things are essentially simple and direct, even by very virtue of their name. And I ask only that I may be helped to realize this idea.

The Pope has said: "Europe must first be allowed to breathe at its ease."

The Czar of Russia has said: "My chief mission here below is the maintenance of peace."

The Emperor Francis Joseph has said: "The hand of God has always impelled me towards peace."

The King of Italy said only the other day: "Peace is for Italy an absolute necessity."

The King of Denmark has said: "I hope to live long enough to see Europe diminish its war expenses in time of peace."

Prince Bismarck said to me, and the German Emperor has since made the same remark: "After such a war as ours, after such a victory as ours, no man thinks of staking his winnings on a single card: the night before a battle, who knows who will be the victor?"

And, finally, I wrote myself, only a little while ago, and I believe it to be absolutely true, that France, without giving up any of its hopes, will put no obstacle in the way of pacific solutions, nor handicap any measures of peace upon which Europe may agree.

The hour has come for these peoples for whom a European war would be only a dolorous spectacle to take the initiative, of calling a sort of preliminary meeting of all those who dream of the preservation of peace, and to appeal to the rulers of Europe to reassure the world by adopting in concert that practical measure of peace which I have indicated in this article; namely, the reduction to a year and a quarter of effective military service, while maintaining the principle of obligatory universal service.

Two countries can take this initiative, the United States and England: the United States, because it is removed by an estranging sea from all chance of participation in a European war; England, because it is separated from the Continent by the silver girdle of the Channel, rendering it invulnerable, whatever spectres may haunt the brains of those who dread the "Battle of Dorking."

I should like to see men from both countries, men devoted to peace, form a committee of initiative, assemble in some Swiss town, and appeal to the governments to study the idea of a reduction in the time of effective service, which would be thereby a reduction of the military expenses in time of peace, and put as well in the hands of the peoples themselves their destinies as nations; moreover, securing to them thus the blessings of peace as long as ever they wish, because rendering it unnecessary to have recourse to war as a relief from the burdens under which they are now self-oppressed. At this hour there is no nobler task than this, none more worthy of consideration. And I add, after having meditated on the existing conditions

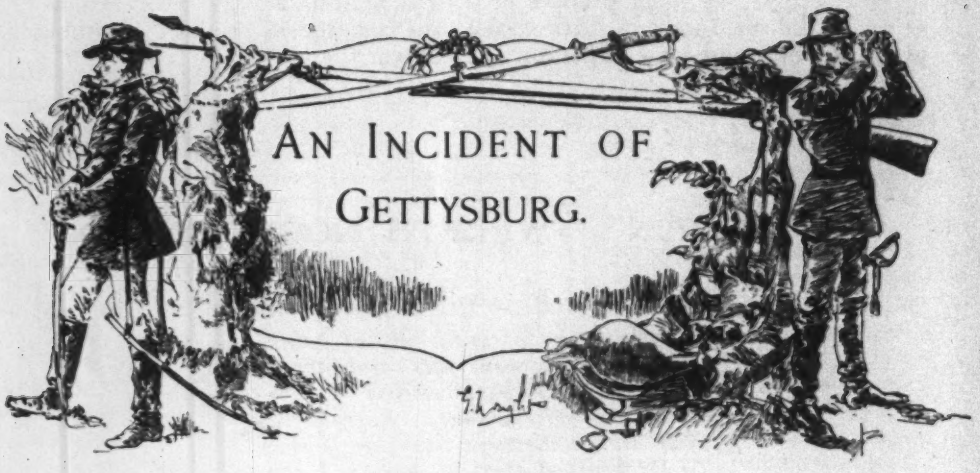
in Europe, that if very soon the so-called "state of peace" be not rendered tolerable, we must prepare ourselves to see the shock of battle take place at one point or another on the European continent, and that, too, at the very moment even when the heedless nations believe most fatuously in the remoteness and the improbability of war.

CHOPIN'S TWELFTH NOCTURNE.

By John Talman.

Beyond the realm of being and of pain,
Upward and onward flits my charmèd soul,
Captive to the ineffable control
Of music's wonder-worker. Every strain
Of this heaven-nurtured harmony is rain
To the parched glebe of memory; a scroll
Whereon are graven cabalas that roll
Floods of bewildering transport on the brain.
In joy's whirlpool I revel as I soar,
And from the ether heights whereto I climb,
List the sound-waves sweep back from Lethe's shore
In lessening cadence toward the strand of Time.
Deeply in the Circean founts I dip,
And with the wild winds mix in fellowship.

A season, and throughout my spirit runs
A pang of awesome desolateness, lent
The sombreness of some dead firmament
Of cinerated worlds and buried suns.
And then the presence of long vanished ones—
Soul-fellows ere youth's heritage was spent—
Glides palpably anear. I am content;
My grasp Infinitude no longer shuns!
A moment, and a mighty sorrow, born
Of exaltation's excess, casts a pall;
Tears start, as drops of Nature's grief at morn
Adown chameleon shafts of sunlight fall;
My being quivers 'neath the sweet duress
Of pain more joyous than earth's joyousness!



AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.

HOW GENERAL GORDON GAVE AID AND COMFORT TO HIS ENEMY GENERAL BARLOW.

By T. J. Mackey, Late Captain C. S. A.

THOUGH never a war was fought with more earnestness than our own late war between the North and the South, never a war was marked by more deeds of noble kindness between the men, officers and privates, of the contending sides. Serving at the front during the entire war as a captain of engineers in the Confederate army, many such deeds came under my own personal observation, while many more have been related to me by credible eye-witnesses. Here is one especially worthy of record:

The advance of the Confederate line of battle commenced early on the morning of July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg. The infantry division commanded by Major-General John B. Gordon of Georgia was among the first to attack. Its objective point was the left of the Second Corps of the Union army. The daring commander of that corps occupied a position so far advanced beyond the main line of the Federal army that, while it invited attack, it placed him beyond the reach of ready support when the crisis of battle came to him in the rush of charging lines more extended than his own. The Confederate advance was steady, and it was bravely met by the Union troops, who for the first time found themselves engaged in battle on the soil of the North, which until then had been virgin to the war. It was "a far cry" from Richmond to Gettysburg, yet Lee was in their front, and they seemed resolved to welcome their Southern visitors "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." But the Federal flanks rested in air, and, being turned, the line was badly broken, and, despite a bravely resolute defence against the well-ordered attack of the Confederate veterans, was forced to fall back.

Gordon's division was in motion at a double quick, to seize and hold the

vantage ground in his front from which the opposing line had retreated, when he saw directly in his path the apparently dead body of a Union officer. He checked his horse, and then observed, from the motion of the eyes and lips, that the officer was still living. He at once dismounted, and, seeing that the head of his wounded foeman was lying in a depression in the ground, placed under it a near-by knapsack. While raising him at the shoulders for that purpose, he saw that the blood was trickling from a bullet-hole in the back, and then knew that the officer had been shot through the breast. He then gave him a drink from a flask of brandy and water, and, as the man revived, said, while bending over him, "I am very sorry to see you in this condition. I am General Gordon. Please tell me who you are. I wish to aid you all I can."

GENERAL BARLOW. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The answer came in feeble tones: "Thank you, general. I am Brigadier-General Barlow of New York. You can do nothing more for me; I am dying." Then, after a pause, he said, "Yes, you can; my wife is at the headquarters of General Meade. If you survive the battle, please let her know that I died doing my duty."

General Gordon replied: "Your message, if I live, shall surely be given to your wife. Can I do nothing more for you?"

After a brief pause, General Barlow responded: "May God bless you! Only one thing more. Feel in the breast pocket of my coat—the left breast—and take out a packet of letters."

As General Gordon unbuttoned the blood-soaked coat, and took out the packet, the seemingly dying soldier said: "Now please take out one, and read it to me. They are from my wife. I wish that her words shall be the last I hear in this world."

Resting on one knee at his side, General Gordon, in clear tones, but with tearful eyes, read the letter. It was the missive of a noble woman to her worthy husband, whom she knew to be in daily peril of his life, and with pious fervor breathed a prayer for his safety, and commended him to the care of the God of battles. As the reading of the letter ended, General Barlow said: "Thank you. Now please tear them all up. I would not have them read by others."

General Gordon tore them into fragments, and scattered them on the field "shot-sown and bladed thick with steel." Then, pressing General Barlow's hand, General Gordon bade him good-by, and, mounting his horse, quickly joined his command.

He hastily penned a note on the pommel of his saddle, giving General Barlow's message to his wife, but stated that he was still living, though seriously wounded, and informing her where he lay. Addressing the note to "Mrs. General Barlow, at General Meade's headquarters," he handed it to one of his staff, and told him to place a white handkerchief upon his sword, and ride in a gallop towards the enemy's line,

and deliver the note to Mrs. Barlow. The officer promptly obeyed the order. He was not fired upon, and, on being met by a Union officer who advanced to learn his business, he presented the note, which was received and read with the assurance that it should be delivered instantly.

GENERAL GORDON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Let us turn from Gettysburg to the capital, Washington, where, eleven years later, General Gordon held with honor, as now, a seat as senator of the United States, and was present at a dinner party given by Orlando B. Potter, a representative in Congress from the State of New York.

Upon Mr. Potter's introducing to him a gentleman with the title of General Barlow, General Gordon remarked: "Are you a relative of the General Barlow, a gallant soldier, who was killed at Gettysburg?"

The answer was: "I am the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg, and you are the General Gordon who succored me!" The meeting was worthy of two such brave men—every inch American soldiers.

I should add, that, on receiving her husband's note, which had been speedily delivered, Mrs. Barlow hastened to the field, though not without danger to her person, for the battle was still in progress. She soon found her husband, and had him borne to where he could receive surgical attendance.

Through her devoted ministrations he was enabled to resume his command of the "Excelsior Brigade," and add to the splendid reputation which it had achieved under General Sickles, its first commander.

WILD BEASTS IN CAPTIVITY.

HOW THEY ARE WATERED AND FED; THE SPECIAL DANGERS IN HANDLING THEM.

By Cleveland Moffett.

Illustrated with drawings from life.

IT is five o'clock in the afternoon. The public exhibition is over. The crowd—mainly women and children—have gone away after having marvelled at Professor Darling's courage in lying down among his five lions, and trembled when Philadelphia's handsome Black Prince made vicious lunges at his master with a forearm whose sweep is quick enough to catch a mouse and powerful enough to knock down a bullock. The amphitheatre but now ringing with applause is silent and empty, save for the sweepers and cleaners. The lion-tamers, tiger-tamers, leopard-tamers, wild-boar tamers, have all hurried into civilian's dress after doing their "acts," and are on their way to hotel or *café*, where for a few hours they will enjoy themselves as men of their kind do when they have money in their pockets. Most of them display diamonds, for tamers are rather partial to finery; and you might mistake one for a pampered theatrical manager and never suspect that he bore on his body the decoration of a dozen scars left by a lion's fangs or the claws of bear or tiger, cutting in, maybe, an inch or two.

Now and then a roar from an inner room of the deserted building announces that the lions and tigers are there, if no one else is.

It is the hour for feeding. Wild beasts have but one meal a day; and when the hour comes for that they will brook no delay. In the cages ranged on either side, five tigers and fifteen lions, all full grown, leopards, bears,

and other animals are turning back and forth, with heads low against the bars, switching their tails and peering out impatiently for the big pieces of raw meat which the men are laying on long boards. Six hundred pounds a day is their stipend, and meat of the best quality, too, good enough for fillets at a Fifth Avenue restaurant. The animals make little noise, only a growl or a snarl now and then, but they pace their cages ceaselessly.

Three men are moving about among the cages. I pass down the line to the far end, and stop before the largest cage of all, which contains what is called the "dangerous group." Here are three royal Bengal tigers, three leopards of unusual size, and a bad lion, called Yellow Prince. At least three of this group have murder in their hearts—the tiger Charlie, who nearly killed Miss Berg the first day she tried to show the group in Chicago; the leopard Nellie, a fierce creature who has scared her keeper more than once; and finally, most formidable of all, the lion Yellow Prince, who, during the exhibition in Chicago, pounced upon a keeper, a young Englishman, bore him to the floor, and buried his fangs in the young man's thigh. A rescue was effected with the greatest difficulty, and for several weeks the young fellow lay in the hospital. He returned to his old post, though, as soon as he was healed.

There comes a sharp rap at the little wooden door set in the back of the cage, accompanied by a clanking of chains. At the sound the excitement of the animals reaches its highest. The leopards hurl themselves against the sides of the cage, springing ten feet in the air, and landing against the wooden partitions with almost force enough to crush them. The tigers lie still, purring and switching their tails. Yellow Prince bounds across the cage and back again, and then crouches in his corner. The door opens. Fritz the groom enters, one arm hung with chains, and holding in one hand a short wooden club. He fastens the door behind him quickly, and while he is doing so, one of the leopards springs upon him.

"Down, Peter!" cries Fritz, casting off the leopard, and then turns upon two others that are leaping about him. The biggest, Nellie, he raps smartly on her flat mottled forehead, over the burning greenish eyes, and she crawls away, snarling wickedly. He lets the chains fall to the floor with a great jangling; then, picking them up one by one, he proceeds to attach the tigers.

"Ho, Kittie! Here, Charlie! Lie still, Lady!" So speaking, with a pat on the head for each, he fastens the snap-hooks to iron rings in the side of the cage. He secures the leopards in the same way, taking Nellie last, and dragging her to the far corner of the cage, where the lion, Yellow Prince, is sulking. As soon as Fritz draws near, Yellow Prince springs away, frightened, and, jumping in turn over the three tigers as if they were hurdles, makes the round of the cage twice before Fritz can catch him. Then as he feels the groom's strong hold on his neck-chain he turns his big head quickly, showing his fangs as if ready to fasten them in Fritz's arm. Down comes the short club on his black muzzle, and as he throws back his head to avoid the blow, Fritz's quick fingers have snapped the chain at both ends, and he has drawn away out of danger. The lion plunges and strains at his bonds, throwing his three hundred pounds of weight against the taut chain until the whole cage shakes. He is excited and angry, and should the chain part now, it might fare badly with Fritz.

When all is ready, Fritz opens the door again and passes out. The seven animals focus their eyes on that open doorway, and fling themselves toward it to the full length of their chains. The leopards make more noise than the tigers; the latter only keep up a deep purring. The lion, bracing himself at his fullest length with hind legs well apart, sweeps his huge fore legs backwards again and again along the floor of the cage, covering a distance of three or four feet at each movement. He suggests some gigantic football player snapping back the ball. He is wasting strength enough to kill an elephant.

FEEDING THE "DANGEROUS GROUP."

Fritz stands at the door, and, with a precision obtained by long practice, hurls a ration of meat to each animal, the animal rising and catching it, like a ball-player, in his paws. [Note by the artist.]

Something red comes flying through the door, and falls with a swish near the leopard Nellie. It is a piece of raw meat weighing seven pounds. Two pieces of the same size follow instantly for Dick and Peter; and then the lion gets his share, two pieces making twelve pounds in all, and none too much for his hunger. Finally three pieces of ten pounds each are thrown to the tigers. Long practice has taught Fritz to throw the meat as quickly as a conjurer would deal out cards, and with equal precision.

There is a stifled snarl of satisfaction as each of the seven animals shuts his jaws on the morsel, and then a sudden silence, broken only by the rasping of the rough tongues against the meat, and the grinding of the bones under the big molars. One day in the week, "hunger day," which is Sunday, the animals get nothing to eat, but are given some milk to drink. They do not seem particularly fierce after this day of fasting, and behave when fed on Monday afternoon much as when fed on other days. All keepers agree

that caged animals, unless deprived of all meat one day in the week, grow too fat and lazy for the work, and suffer besides in health. Lions and tigers never eat pork or fat meat.

Fritz allows the animals half an hour to strip the last shred of meat from the bones, and during this time we chat together in front of the cage, while he prepares the water. Lions and tigers drink very little in proportion to what they eat—not more than a pint of water a day—and it is of great importance that its temperature be kept at about that of the body. Fritz explains to me that, so far from being of great endurance and of rugged health, they are subject to all sorts of ailments, and have to be looked after as carefully as a frail woman. If their meat should be given them too cold it would chill their stomachs, and they might be sick for weeks in consequence. Only meat of the very best quality can be fed them, as any meat having the slightest taint would be sure to cause trouble. Lions are also very subject to colds, and are frequently crippled with rheumatism. Thus with the veteran Prince, the left hind leg gives constant trouble, and makes it impossible to show him in the ring. The lionesses are subject to special complaints, which make it necessary to give them constant attention and frequently to confine them in separate cages. Of all the diseases to which lions and tigers are subject, perhaps the most serious is tuberculosis, which causes many deaths and for which there is no remedy. The course of it with them is quicker even than with men, the period from the inception of the disease to death not usually exceeding eight months. Two years ago this same group feeding before me was larger than it is to-day by a pair of fine lions, Nero and Marie. Nero contracted tuberculosis from some bad meat, and died in Blackpool, England. Marie caught the disease from Nero, and died on shipboard when the show was coming to America, and was buried at sea two days out from New York.

As Fritz spoke of Marie's death there was evidence of genuine sorrow in his voice and manner. "She was a good lion," he said, "and always minded well. She never scratched me but once, and that was in play. When she fell sick we did everything we could to save her, fed her chickens and rabbits, eggs and milk, but it was no use."

In the same group there was also, Fritz told me, a fine black panther, Tom, which used to jump over three Angora goats and two hump-backed zebus from Ceylon. Tom was one of the most valuable animals in the show, but he also contracted tuberculosis and died in Hamburg last spring.

A curious thing about this panther Tom is, so Fritz affirms positively, that he was own brother to the leopard Nellie, both being born of a female leopard by a male black panther. Zoölogists have long discussed the differences, which are very slight, between the panther and the leopard, and it has been a vexed question whether the two species breed together. In this connection the statement of Fritz would seem to be of interest and importance.

While we talk the beasts have finished their dinner and are licking the white bones lazily. They are ready to be watered. Again Fritz enters the cage, carrying a long iron rake, with which he drags the bones from each animal and then carries them outside. Returning, he spreads the floor with sawdust, sifting it from a pail, and then throws bundles of straw in the different corners for the animals to roll on. They all watch him complacently now, not seeming to care especially whether he unchains them or not.

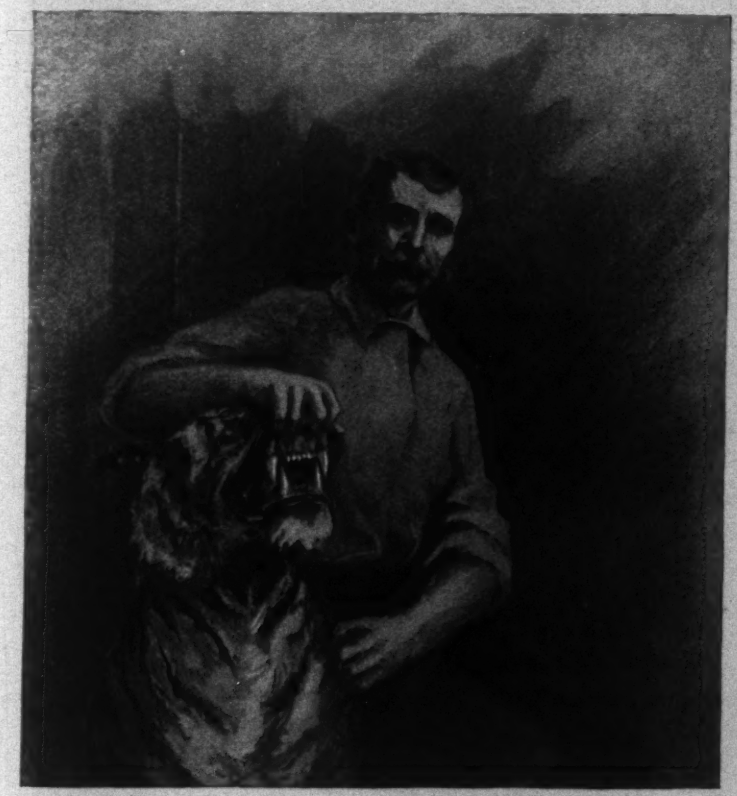
"Click, click, click," sound the hooks of the chains as he unsnaps them in succession, and presently the beasts are jumping around him, the tigers lazily, the leopards with the prodigious activity usual with them.

"Come here, Peter," says Fritz, catching his favorite leopard behind the ears and lifting him high in the air, so that his tail only touches the floor, and kissing him as a girl would her pet dog.

"Peter is my old friend, and he never bites or scratches; do you, Peter?

Now, get over there. Come here, Charlie," and grabbing the big tiger by his chain, he seats himself astraddle, and, arousing him with sounding slaps on the sides and back, rides around the cage, while Charlie snarls his displeasure.

For a quarter of an hour Fritz stays inside this cage, which no one else would dare to enter, playing with the tigers and leopards as if they were children, hauling them about with the utmost indifference, lying down among them and rolling them over in the straw, and all the time having not so much as a whip to defend himself. He explains to me the structure of a tiger's mouth by opening Charlie's jaws and pointing out the various teeth. At the corners of the mouth are the four fangs, or tusks, two above and two below, with which tigers seize and pull down their prey. These tusks are an inch and a quarter long and half an inch in diameter at the base. The lower ones close outside of the upper ones. Between the tusks, above and below, are six of the dearest, whitest little baby teeth that ever were seen outside of the mouth of a three-year-old child. It seems almost ridiculous for a terrible Bengal tiger to have such pretty little teeth. Then in the back are fourteen heavy molars, the grinding and crushing teeth, making thirty in all. Fritz not only opens Charlie's mouth wide enough to let me see all of these teeth, but puts his hand inside and touches each one as he gives his explanation. I could not help thinking that it was those same teeth which had so nearly ground the life out of Miss Berg only a few months before in Chicago.

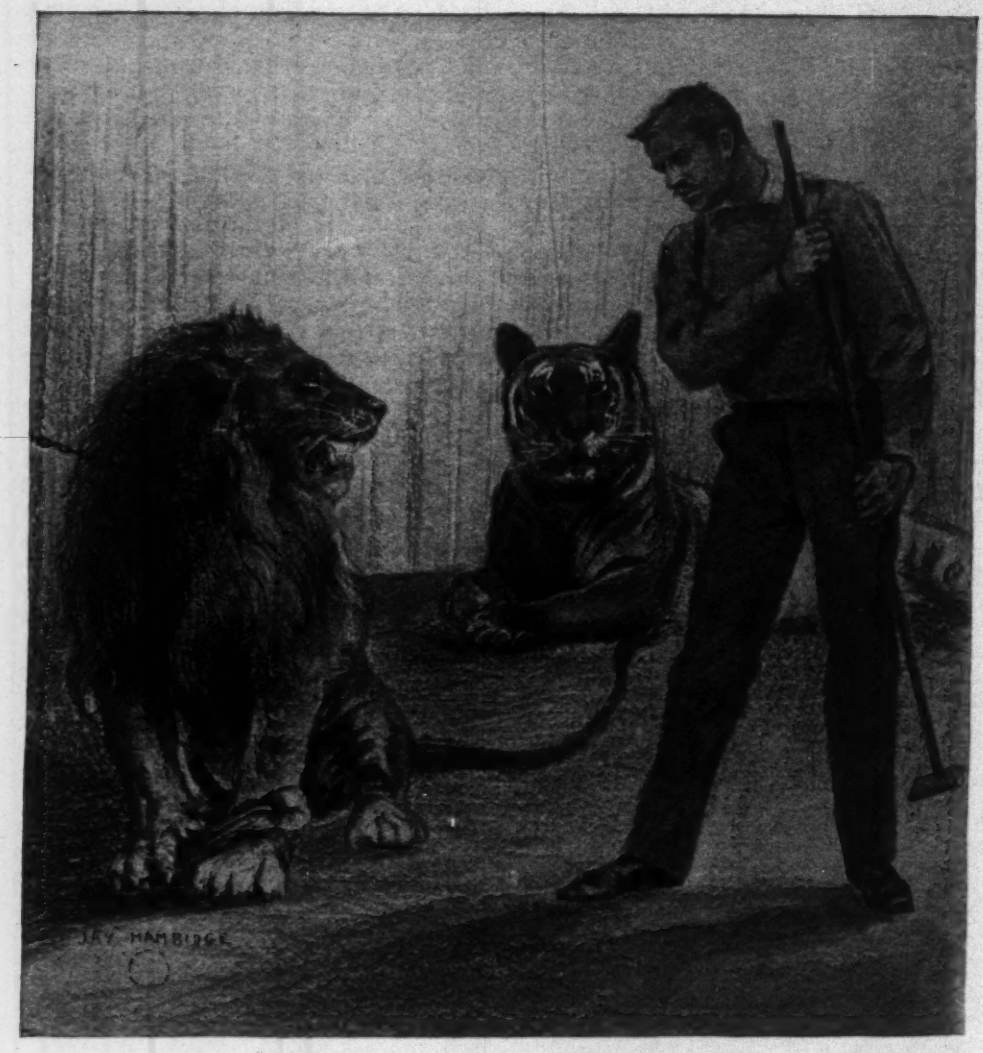


FRITZ HEITMAN AND THE BENGAL TIGER CHARLIE.

Charlie was born three years ago, in captivity, and his training began at twelve months. It was ill begun, and Charlie made little progress, until lately, when he passed into Mr. Mehrmann's hands. Fritz, who is as fearless among the animals of the "Dangerous Group" as if they were lambs, seated himself on Charlie's back, jerked open his jaws, and held them with teeth all exposed, while I drew my picture. [Note by the artist.]

It seems that a tiger has two sets of teeth, the first set falling out at about seven months. Such a thing as a decayed tooth is unknown in a wild beast's head.

The animals are watered twice a day, and it is a great sight to see them drink. I know of no experience which will send a new thrill more surely through the languid senses of the average city dweller than this: Take an ordinary frying-pan in the right hand, and a



FRITZ HEITMAN TAKING A BONE FROM YELLOW PRINCE.

"That Yellow Prince—he will never be any better," said Willie Judge, the young English groom who nearly suffered death by Prince's vicious claws and teeth. "The trouble with him is, that he has never learned to respect any one." This is true; and Fritz is the only groom who can at all manage him. [Note by the artist.]

common tin watering-pot in the left. Let the latter be filled with tepid water, and then pour it slowly into the frying-pan, which must be held with a good grip. Nothing thrilling so far. But let three royal Bengal tigers and a Nubian lion congregate their big heads over that frying-pan, while four pinkish red tongues like twisting snakes shoot out from behind the black lips and lap up the water, and the thrill will not be long in making itself felt.

Three times, when I made this experiment, it was necessary to refill the frying-pan before the drinkers were all satisfied. That meant about a pint each, for some of the water was spilled.

"Now, quick, pull the pan away," said Fritz, catching hold of the handle. He was just in time, for the tiger Charlie snapped at the side of the pan with his big tusks, and came within an ace of dragging it inside the cage.

A FRATERNAL GROUP.

"I have to be very careful," said Fritz, "to get the frying-pan back after these fellows have finished drinking. If they got it inside they would begin fighting for it at once, and some of them would be badly bitten or perhaps killed. It's queer how lions and tigers will fight for something they can't possibly eat and which can't do them any good. Why, those fellows would murder each other for an old bone. Just now, when I raked out the bones, if I had forgotten even one, and set the animals loose, they would have had a terrible fight over it. It would make no difference that there was no meat on the bone; they would fight over it, anyway; and as soon as blood was drawn there would be no stopping them until one of the weaker ones had been killed. Then they would stop fighting with each other, and eat the dead body while it was warm. If one of those leopards was killed, the tigers would eat it, and the other two leopards would take whatever the tigers would let them have. It would be the same if a strange animal should be put in the cage, say another lion or tiger."

"Do you mean to say that they would kill a strange lion or tiger?"

"I should think they would kill him. The three lions and the tiger would all join together and kill any other lion

OLD PRINCE ENJOYING HIS MILK.

or tiger we might put in there. Of course it would be the same with any smaller animal or with a man or a boy. No one would dare enter that cage who did not know the animals. They do not kill me, because they know me; but if I should be away from them four or six months or a year, mein Gott, I not like try that," said Fritz, relapsing into broken English.

Fritz explained to me that in case several of the group died and it became necessary to replace them, they would introduce the stranger by letting the others grow accustomed to him gradually. They would shut off one corner of the big cage by bars and put the new member behind these. After a few weeks of this proximity the groom would let down the bars and see how the newcomer was received. He would repeat the operation next day, leaving the bars down longer; and so on, until finally it would be safe to allow the new animal to go freely among the old ones.

"How does it happen," I asked, "that the tiger and the lion in this group do not kill the leopards, which are so much smaller?"

"It is because they have been together ever since they were very young. That is the only way we can make big animals live with little ones without killing them. And even so, if the tigers get angry some day, they will kill one of the leopards."

The more I saw of this ingenious Fritz and studied him, the more I marvelled. Why were other men starred as daring wild-beast tamers and not he? I asked him about his life. His family name is Heitman. He was born thirty-two years ago, and has been nineteen years in the business. He has taken care of lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and all kinds of wild beasts, during this time; has been with good and bad tempered animals alike, under all circumstances; has entered their cages by day and by night; has assisted the professional tamers in the public performances; has gone into Asia and Africa on expeditions for capturing lions and tigers; has transferred the beasts on shipboard from foreign ports to Europe; has attended them when they were sick and well, angry or good-natured; and in the whole time has never received any serious injury. His most dangerous experience was in Singapore, when a big elephant, nine feet high at the shoulders, struck him a blow with the trunk which knocked him unconscious.

At one time Fritz was sent from Hamburg with a consignment of six lions which had just been sold to a show exhibiting at Colmar in Alsace-Lorraine. His duty was merely to deliver the lions safely. But when he got there he found the proprietor of the show in a great state of mind because the regular lion-tamer had gone off on a spree. In despair of giving the usual evening performance, he begged Fritz to take the tamer's place and exhibit the six lions he had just brought with him. Fritz consented, and went into the cage before a large audience, and did the act most successfully. He repeated his performance for six days in succession. Then the regular tamer came back, and Fritz returned to Hamburg, to his more humble functions as a groom. This was seven years ago, and yet Fritz has never again attempted to take the rôle of a lion-tamer. I conclude that the grooms in a menagerie resemble the wild beasts in this, that they are unconscious of their power.

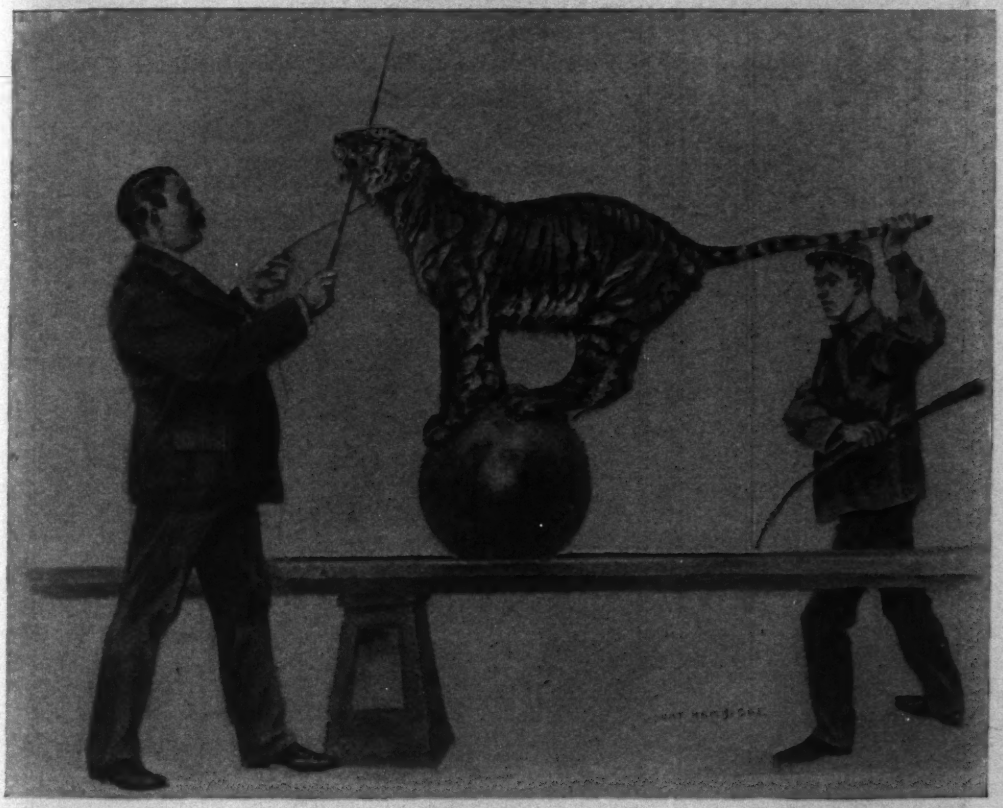
THE TAMER'S "GIFTS."

The common notion that tamers of wild beasts have some mysterious gift of nature, especially some charm of the eye, by which they compel submission, is altogether mistaken. There is no such gift found or required in those who enter the cages, put their heads in the lion's mouth, and otherwise keep the beasts under their dominance. As for putting the head in a lion's mouth, indeed, it is a question whether any particular danger attaches to that, for in doing this feat the tamer is careful to hold the lion's lower lip curled well down with one hand, while with the other he grasps the black nostrils and presses them hard. The nostrils being particularly sensitive, this pressure

upon them, and the dragging down of the lower lip, seems to paralyze the animal's volition for the moment. The trainer Philadelphia, however, says that, while under this treatment the animal rarely harms the trainer wilfully, there is a danger that the muscles, under the strain of their unnatural position, may become paralyzed and contract automatically, taking with them a bit of the unfortunate trainer's head.

Another popular illusion is, that tamers use hot irons to inspire their animals with fear. A hot iron could scarcely fail, sooner or later, to inflict serious disfigurement and injury. If it missed doing so directly, it would do so indirectly; for the animal would inevitably seize the hot iron in his jaws. It is his first instinct, on being prodded, to strike at the prod and then take it in his mouth; and, as in his rage he cares nothing for pain, he would allow the iron to burn deep into his flesh rather than loosen his hold. And an animal once subjected to this treatment would be utterly spoiled for exhibition, if he did not fatally injure himself.

Mr. Mehrmann, who is perhaps as high an authority on the subject of wild-beast taming as there is, says that the only special qualities he knows of



TEACHING A YOUNG TIGER TO ROLL THE BALL.

For the larger animals one of the most difficult feats to learn is "rolling the ball." The Bengal tigress Nellie is a very satisfactory performer of this feat; but for some time Mr. Mehrmann, assisted by Willie Judge, has been hard at work coaching the three younger animals, Charlie, Kitty, and Lady, to do it. Every morning for an hour the lesson is in progress. The ball is placed upon an elevated wooden track, and one of the animals forced to mount it. Then, with Mr. Mehrmann in front and Willie Judge behind, the ball is sent on its course, while the animal on top scrambles and clutches to keep a balance. And in the instruction the trainer is none too tender. He cuffs the pupil under the jaw, and even whacks him resoundingly, while the assistant, holding the tiger's tail out straight, gives him sharp raps on the hind legs. [Note by the artist.]

that are requisite to the tamer, are a perfect freedom from nervousness and an inexhaustible patience ; and he holds that almost any man who will take the necessary time and trouble can become one. Five years ago he himself was engaged in business in Germany, and had never so much as thought of entering a lion's cage. He knew nothing about wild beasts except what he had picked up in a general way from his brother-in-law Carl Hagenbeck. He had never had any fondness for the society of tigers or lions, and if any one had predicted that five years later he would be one of the most skilful tamers in the world, he would have considered the man crazy. But

LEO, ONE OF THE DARLING GROUP.

Leo is a South African lion, seven years old, and has been four years in captivity. He is intelligent and playful, but indolent. [Note by the artist.]

he suffered a business failure, and was questioning what he should do.

"Why don't you become a lion-tamer?" said Carl Hagenbeck to him one day. "An intelligent man like you ought surely to be able to manage animals as well as the thick-headed fellows who work for me."

Mr. Mehrmann thought it over, and decided that he would act on Hagenbeck's suggestion.

A few weeks later a new consignment of lions and tigers arrived at Hamburg, directly from Asia and Africa, where they had been but recently caught. None of them was as

TOM, ONE OF THE DARLING GROUP.

Tom is of the same age as Leo. The lions of the Darling group are remarkable for the massive appearance of the face. The eyes are sunk deep into the head, the skin hangs loose, and the expression is that of quizzical good nature. [Note by the artist.]

much as a year old. Unless animals are taken at less than three years, they cannot be trained. But with these cubs Mr. Mehrmann had no more difficulty than the most experienced tamer would have had. He entered their cages every day, and at the end of a few months had made them understand that he was their master.

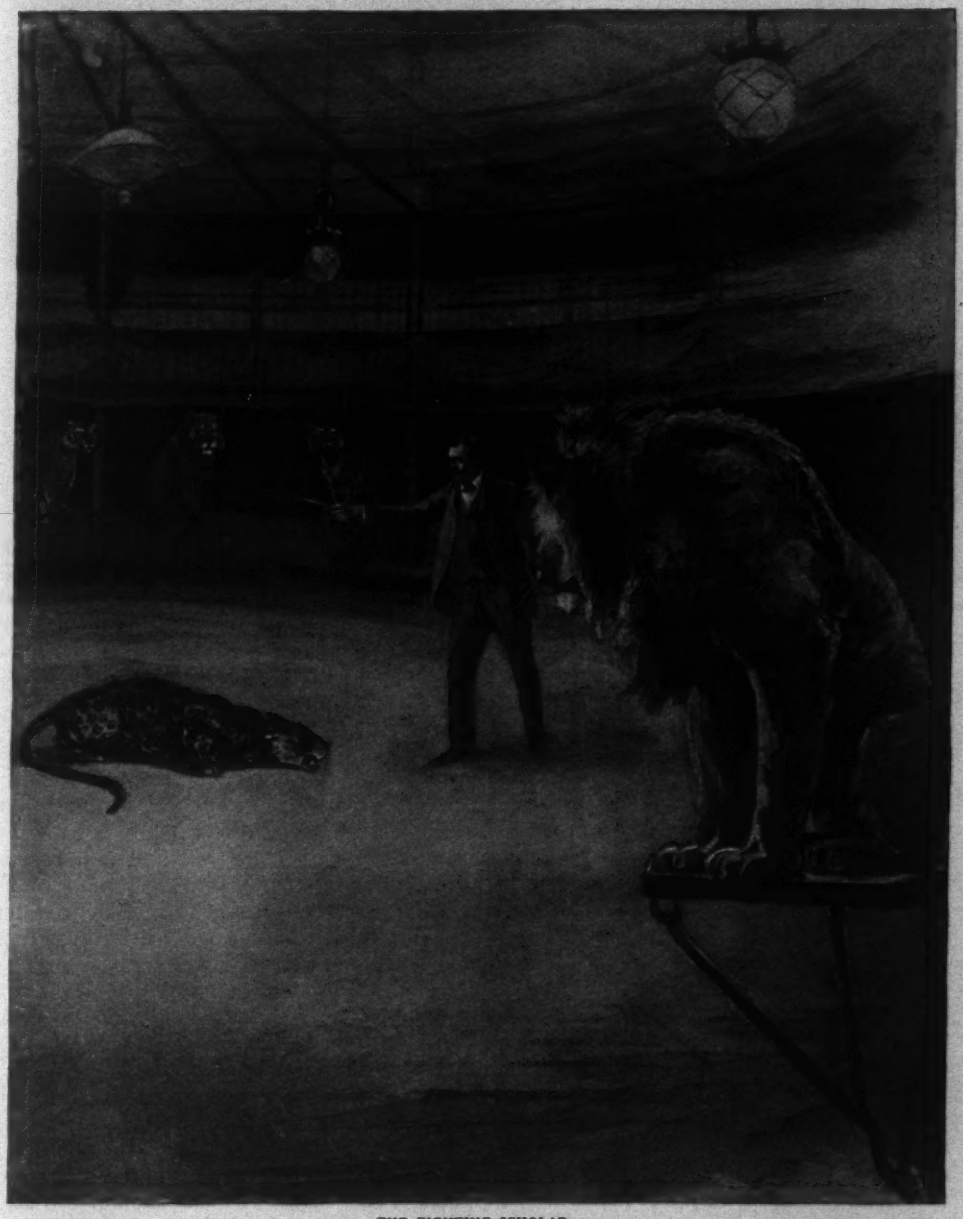
THE TAMER'S SPECIAL DANGERS.

Now and then, for no reason that any one can find, a lion or a tiger that has been doing his duty regularly and well, grows suddenly rebellious. He will no longer balance on the big ball, no longer stand unprotestingly on the see-saw board, no longer ride the horses or jump the hurdles. He comes out instead with a plain, pointed, brutish "No" for the whole programme, and proceeds to get square with the game by tearing the life out of some trainer or groom. Apparently his pride and hate and revenge are all stirred up together against all surrounding conditions, and the people to whom he has been most obedient are the very ones he now desires most ardently to kill. When tamers meet a violent death, it is oftenest under one of these unforeseen and inexplicable outbursts of madness.

MR. MEHRMANN.

But there is another, and perhaps subtler, source of danger to tamers. Everything goes well for two or three years, and the tamer, proud of his success and swelling bank account, becomes over-confident. One day he gets a nip from a bear or a scratch from a tiger's claw. This will happen inevitably, unless the greatest watchfulness is employed, and without any vicious intention on the part of the wild beast. But the wound lingers on hand or arm, for wounds from a wild beast's claws or fangs, however trifling, are long in healing and very painful. The member swells to double its normal size; the wound tears open again and again, and months pass before the man is healed. The moral effect of such an experience is bad. Perhaps another bite or scratch is incurred before the old one is quite well; and after a number of such mishaps the tamer, though he will not admit it, perhaps, even to himself, is apt to become afraid of his animals. Then he has recourse to stimulants to "steady his nerves" before going into the ring. But by this treatment his nerves are not steadied; rather, they are the more shaken. And the more he drinks the more unfit he is to face the danger, and the likelier to take some reckless step which will result in his serious injury or death—for it is undoubtedly a fact that tamers are not infrequently maimed for life, and even killed. Such a case was that of the tamer Heigenreich, who was torn to pieces some years ago while giving an exhibition in Russia. A large lion sprang upon him, and literally tore his life out before the eyes of the spectators. Nothing could be done to save the man. Nothing can ever be done in such a case.

Perhaps the best safeguard against these dreadful accidents—a safeguard better than hot irons or revolvers, is a ready line of hose with a strong pressure of water, which can be turned on at a moment's notice. It has been found that a lion struck by a powerful stream of water will drop his bleeding victim when prodding with iron hooks or



THE FIGHTING SCHOLAR.

A short time ago there was an exciting fight in the arena during the training hour. It started with a leopard's springing at the throat of a dog when the trainer's back was turned. He got a good hold before the trainer could seize him by the collar and pull him off. Meantime another dog, coming to the aid of the first, began biting the leopard. Then the tigers attacked the second dog. Peace was finally restored, but the trainer had one of his hands frightfully lacerated by one of the dogs. [Note by the artist.]

similar measures will only make him hold the tighter.

Thus it is absolutely fatal to the tamer to fall into any fear. As soon as he gets the idea that he is going to be killed, he had better give up the work at once, or the chances are that he will be killed.

There is nothing in the notion that a trainer must always dress and appear

in the same way before his lions or tigers. His outward appearance has very little to do with his power over them, and he might even disguise himself with a false beard or stained skin, and the animals would recognize him by his voice. Indeed, it is by the hearing, chiefly, that they know him. They distinguish much less by sight, and scarcely at all by the sense of smell.

A man's skill in taming gives him no special power over animals that are strangers to him. Wild beasts become acquainted with the persons who are constantly about them, and these they will receive as friends, and will obey to any reasonable degree. They will not receive strangers, however, except with their claws and fangs, and an unknown tamer will be treated no better than any other stranger. When a tamer loses his animals by death, or by their becoming unmanageable, he is obliged to begin at the very beginning with a new lot.

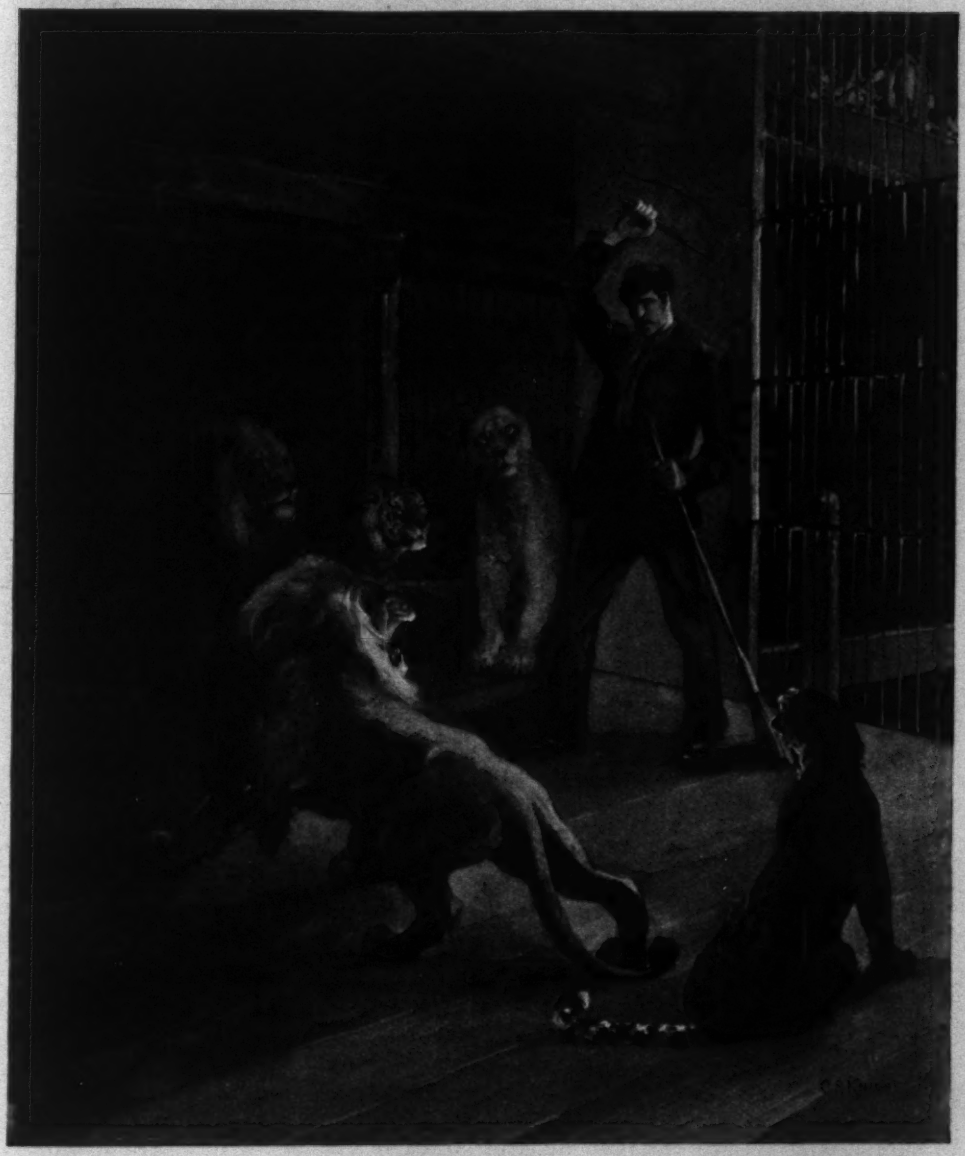
The experience of training one set of animals does not help a trainer, except in a general way, in training a new set. One lion will be fierce and controllable only by a liberal application of the lash. Another will be so timid that the amount of whipping indispensable with the first would frighten him out of all usefulness, and perhaps drive him to spring in sheer fright upon the trainer. The pretty lioness Venus, one of the members of Mr. Mehrmann's big group, used to do the ball trick very cleverly, and was exhibited in many capitals of Europe, walking on the ball as it rolled from one side of the ring to the other, and maintaining her balance with remarkable accuracy. One day she slipped a little with her fore feet, and Mr. Mehrmann, thinking to help her recover herself, gave her a sharp rap under the chin with the handle of his whip. Such a blow to a resolute and strong-willed lion like Pollux would have called forth scarcely a growl; but it frightened Venus so badly that she sprang from the ball, stole off into a corner of the cage, and obstinately refused to do the trick again. From that day to this, in spite of repeated efforts and much coaxing, Venus has never consented to appear on a ball, and probably will never be seen again in her old trick. She was literally frightened out of it; and such cases are not uncommon.*

In the same group the pair of full-grown Bengal tigers, Castor and Nellie, require totally different treatment. Castor, the male, is more fierce by nature, and would be the first of the group to fasten his fangs in any stranger who should be foolish enough to enter the cage. Altogether he is a formidable fellow, and quite in contrast with Nellie, who lies stretched out half asleep most of the time, and is always yawning lazily even when awake. And yet of the two, Castor is less to be feared by his trainer than Nellie is, for the reason that he is intelligent and willing, while Nellie is shiftless and obstinate. When they are in the ring Castor takes his position promptly. He understands what is expected of him and does it. Nellie, however, although she understands, too, what is expected of her, dislikes standing on a pedestal, or dragging a chariot around the ring, and is always behindhand and reluctant to begin. This wins her a lash from the whip now and then; and sometimes the punishment leaves her more stubborn than before, and she is apt to claw or snap at the trainer. It is Nellie's scratches which have left most of the scars on Mr. Mehrmann's hands.

The rivalry between the lions Prince and Pollux for the favor of the lioness Mignon, already referred to, makes it necessary for the trainer to exercise the greatest care when these animals are in the ring, and keep Mignon from approaching either of the rivals. Otherwise a troublesome and probably dangerous fight would ensue. Yet, curiously enough, Prince and Pollux will allow the lion Trieste of the same group to approach Mignon and rub his big head against her side without any interference.

The lion Nero is extremely restless under the whip. He is a stupid beast, as the lion born in the menagerie is apt to be. He never could be

* See a picture of Venus in the May number of McClure's Magazine, page 547.



A CONTEST FOR MASTERY.

taught to ride a horse, or do any of the more difficult tricks. Under the slightest punishment he becomes greatly excited, and he would certainly do harm to his trainer if punishment were administered often; and yet ordinarily Mr. Mehrmann can pat and fondle him as he would a kitten. The trouble with Nero is, that, although he means well, he forgets to do his tricks at the right time; and it has been found necessary to fasten a cord to his neck-chain, and by that draw him into the position he is to occupy, and spare the whip.

Probably the most dangerous animal in this particular group, for all his humorous air as he struts along on his hind legs, is the black bear. He poses on the pedestal, walks the rope, and in general shows himself the star acrobat of the troupe. But he is vain and

heady, and frequently insists on doing an encore when it is not called for. On such occasions he has to be called to order by Mr. Mehrmann; but woe to the trainer if he pulls at the bear too vigorously as he stands on his elevated perch! Snap go the heavy jaws, and the trainer is lucky if a piece of his anatomy has not gone with them. Mr. Mehrmann bears on his left thigh, and will bear them to the end of his days, four round purple marks, which show where this same bear once fastened his teeth when irritated by too strong a tug at his chain. Another bear of the same kind would not resent in the least what drives this fellow almost to desperation.

DIFFERENCES AMONG BEASTS IN STRENGTH AND FIERCENESS.

It is the opinion of tamers that the tiger is more to be feared than the lion. One will kill a man with as much ease as the other; but the lion gives fair warning of his murderous intention by rushing at his victim with a roar, whereas the tiger, true representative of the cat tribe, comes sneaking up with the semblance of an affectionate purr, only to set his fangs, with sudden spring, into the very life of his victim. The lion has somewhat greater muscular power than the tiger, but the latter has greater quickness. In intelligence they are about equal; and in general it may be said that a full-grown Nubian lion and a full-grown royal Bengal tiger (each, say, four years old) are a fair match. It would be an even guess which would kill the other.

Philadelphia told me that he had seen a lion fasten his fangs in the shoulder of a dead horse and drag the carcass, weighing nearly one thousand pounds, a distance of twenty feet. If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease; but if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction, and were allowed to exert his strength in backing, he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches, or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling. A lion springing through the air from a distance of six feet would knock down a horse or bullock with a single blow of his forearm, backed by the momentum of his three hundred pounds' weight. A full-grown lion in the jungles will jump twenty-five or thirty feet on the level from a running start. In captivity the same lion would clear a distance about half as great. A lion can jump over a fence eight or ten feet high, but not at a bound. He catches first with his fore legs and drags his body after him. I have repeatedly watched the lion Yellow Prince jump over the tigers with a bound which would have cleared an obstacle four or five feet above the floor. Tigers will jump a trifle higher than this. But of all wild animals the leopards are the greatest jumpers, being able to hurl their lithe and beautiful bodies, curled up almost into a ball, extraordinary heights. They bound with ease, for instance, from the floor of the cage so as to touch a ceiling twelve feet high.

For a short distance a lion or a tiger can outrun a man and can equal the speed of a fast horse, but they lose their wind at the end of half a mile at the most. They have little endurance, and are remarkably weak in lung power. Their strength is the kind which is capable of a terrific effort for a short time. It would take six men to hold a lion down, even after his legs were tied so that he could not use his paws.

One day Philadelphia, wishing to test the affection popularly supposed to exist between a lion and a mouse, put a mouse in the cage of a full-grown Nubian lion. The lion saw the mouse before he was fairly through the bars, and was after him instantly. Away went the little fellow, scurrying across the floor and squeaking in fright. When he had gone about ten feet the lion sprang, lighting a little in front of him. The mouse turned, and the lion sprang again. This was repeated several times, the mouse traversing a shorter distance after each spring of the lion. It was demonstrated that a lion

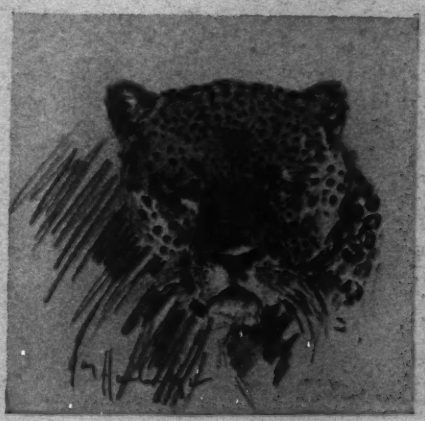
POLLUX. BORN IN ENGLAND, FOUR AND ONE-HALF YEARS AGO, OF BARBARY PARENTS.

BRUTUS. A BARBARY LION, SIX AND ONE-HALF YEARS OLD, AND FOUR YEARS IN CAPTIVITY.

NELLIE, SISTER OF CASTOR. A BENGAL TIGRESS, FOUR YEARS OLD, TWO YEARS IN CAPTIVITY.

MIGNON, SISTER OF THE MANELESS LION "PRINCE." FOUR YEARS OLD, TWO AND ONE-HALF IN CAPTIVITY.

YELLOW PRINCE, A CAPE LION, THREE YEARS OLD, TWO YEARS IN CAPTIVITY: MEAN, VICIOUS, AND UNTRUSTWORTHY.



AFRICAN LEOPARD "BLACKIE," THREE YEARS OLD, EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN CAPTIVITY. HE IS THE MATE TO "PUSS," AN INDIAN LEOPARDESS.

is too quick for a mouse, at least in a large cage. Finally the mouse stood still, squealing and trembling. The lion stood over, studying him with interest. Presently he shot out his big paw and brought it down directly on the mouse, but so gently that the mouse was not injured in the least, though held fast between the claws. Then the lion played with him in the most extraordinary way, now lifting his paw and letting the mouse run a few inches, and then stopping him again as before. Suddenly the mouse changed his tactics, and, instead of running when the lion lifted his paw, sprang into the air straight at the lion's head. The lion, terrified, gave a great leap back, striking the bars with all his weight, and shaking the whole floor. Then he opened his great jaws and roared and roared again, while the little mouse, still squealing, made his escape. Of the two the lion was the more frightened.

It is a fact well known in all menageries, that a mouse will frighten an elephant more than will a locomotive. Let one appear in an elephant's stall, and the elephant, his mountain of flesh quivering, his trunk lashing the air, will trumpet in abject terror; and he will not recover for hours afterward. The trainers say that what the elephant fears is, that the mouse will run up his trunk. There is a tradition that a mouse really did this in one instance while an elephant was sleeping, and caused the elephant such intense pain that he had to be killed.

Lion-tamers, while not as superstitious as gamblers, have certain prejudices which affect them strongly. For instance, they are much averse to attempting difficult feats on a Friday, and they note the fact that many of the accidents happen on the thirteenth of the month. Miss Berg was nearly killed in Chicago on the thirteenth of July. William Hagenbeck has a superstition peculiar to himself, which is, that Monday is an unlucky day for him, and he will take no risks with any wild animals on that day. Another notion frequently entertained by tamers is, that it bodes them ill to go back to their dressing-rooms for any article that may have been forgotten. They will do their act without a whip or a pair of gloves rather than return for them.

A TRIO OF LEOPARDS.

THE EBB TIDE.

A TRIO AND QUARTETTE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne,

Authors of "The Wrecker," etc.

"*There is a tide in the affairs of men.*"

PART II.—The Quartette.—*Continued.*

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

THE OPEN DOOR.

"COME, come!" said the captain, and paused as if quite at a loss. "Look here," he cried, "you have a glass of champagne; *I* won't touch it, so that'll show you if I'm in earnest. But it's just the pick-me-up for you; it'll put an edge on you at once."

"Oh, you leave me alone," said Herrick, and turned away.

The captain caught him by the sleeve, and he shook him off and turned on him, for the moment, like a demoniac.

"Go to hell in your own way!" he cried.

And he turned away again, this time unchecked, and stepped forward to where the boat rocked alongside, and ground occasionally against the schooner. He looked about him; a corner of the house was interposed between the captain and himself; all was well; no eye must see him in that last act. He slid silently into the boat, thence silently into the starry water. Instinctively he swam a little; it would be time enough to stop by and by.

The shock of the immersion brightened his mind immediately; the events of the ignoble day passed before him in a frieze of pictures; and he thanked "whatever gods there be" for that open door of suicide. In such a little while he would be done with it, the random business at an end, the prodigal son come home. A very bright planet shone before him and drew a trenchant wake along the water. He took that for his line and followed it; that was the last earthly thing that he should look upon; that radiant speck, which he had soon magnified into a city of Laputa, along whose terraces there walked men and women of awful and benignant features, who viewed him with distant commiseration. These imaginary spectators consoled him; he told himself their talk, one to another; it was of himself and his sad destiny.

From such flights of fancy he was aroused by the growing coldness of the water. Why should he delay? Here, where he was now, let him drop the curtain, let him seek the ineffable refuge, let him lie down with all races and generations of men in the house of sleep. It was easy to say, easy to do. To stop swimming—there was no mystery in that, if he could do it. Could he? And he could not. He knew it instantly. He was aware instantly of an opposition in his members, unanimous and invincible, clinging to life with a single and fixed resolve, finger by finger, sinew by sinew; something that was at once he and not he; at once within and without him; the shutting of some miniature valve in his brain, which a single manly thought should suffice to open; and the grasp of an external fate ineluctable as gravity. To any man there may come at times a conscious-

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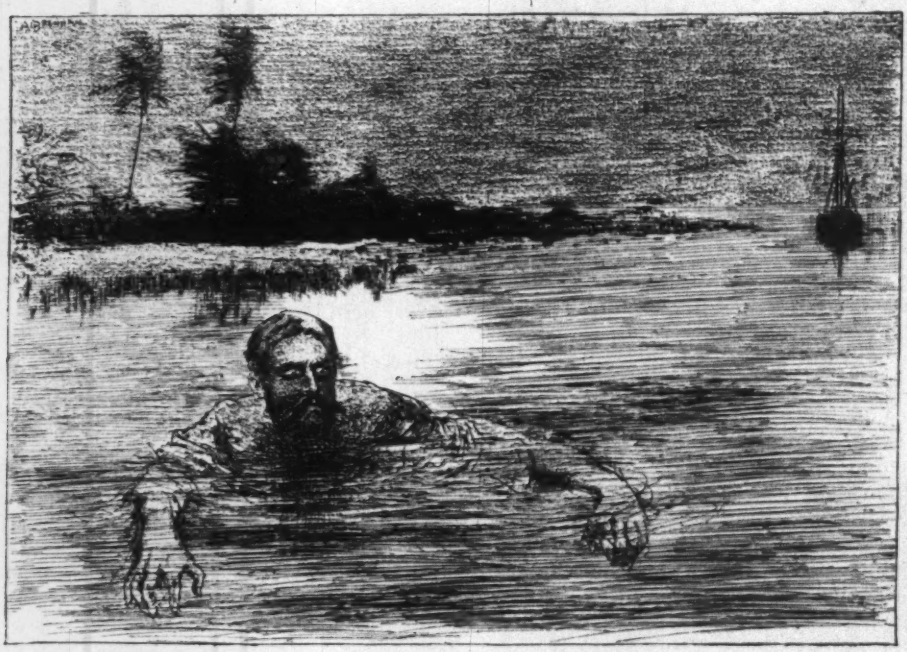
ness that there blows through all the articulations of his body the wind of a spirit not wholly his ; that his mind rebels ; that another girds him and carries him whither he would not. It came now to Herrick, with the authority of a revelation. There was no escape possible. The open door was closed in his recreant face. He must go back into the world and amongst men without illusion. He must stagger on to the end with the pack of his responsibility and his disgrace, until a cold, a blow, a merciful chance ball, or the more merciful hangman, should dismiss him from his infamy. There were men who could commit suicide ; there were men who could not ; and he was one who could not.



For perhaps a minute there raged in his mind the coil of this discovery ; then cheerless certitude followed, and, with an incredible simplicity of submission to ascertained fact, he turned round and struck out for shore. There was a courage in this which he could not appreciate, the ignobility of his cowardice wholly occupying him. A strong current set against him like a wind in his face ; he contended with it heavily, wearily, without enthusiasm, but with substantial advantage ; marking his progress the while, without pleasure, by the outline of the trees. Once he had a moment of hope. He heard to the southward of him, towards the centre of the lagoon, the wallowing of some great fish, doubtless a shark, and paused for a little, treading water. Might not this be the hangman ? he thought. But the wallowing died away ; mere silence succeeded ; and Herrick pushed on again for the shore, raging as he went at his own strange architecture. Ay, he would wait for the shark ; but if he had heard him coming— His smile was tragic. He could have spat upon himself.

About three in the morning, chance, and the set of the current, and the bias of his own right-handed body, so decided it between them that he came to shore upon the beach in front of Attwater's. There he sat down, and looked forth into a world without any of the lights of hope. The poor diving-dress of self-conceit was sadly tattered. With the fairy tale of suicide, of a refuge always open to him, he had

hitherto beguiled and supported himself in the trials of life; and behold! that also was only a fairy tale; that also was folk-lore. With the consequences of his acts he saw himself implacably confronted for the duration of life: stretched upon a cross, and nailed there with the iron bolts of his own cowardice. He had no tears, he told himself no stories. His disgust with himself was so complete that even the process of apologetic mythology had ceased. He was like a man cast down from a pillar and every bone broken; he lay there, and admitted the facts, and did not attempt to rise.

Dawn began to break over the far side of the atoll, the sky brightened, the clouds became dyed with gorgeous colors, the shadows of the night lifted. And suddenly Herrick was aware that the lagoon and the trees wore again their daylight livery; and he saw, on board the "Farallone," Davis extinguishing the lantern, and smoke rising from the galley.

Davis, without doubt, remarked and recognized the figure on the beach—or, perhaps, hesitated to recognize it—for after he had gazed a long while from under his hand, he went into the house and fetched a glass. It was very powerful; Herrick had often used it. With an instinct of shame, he hid his face in his hands.

"And what brings you here, Mr. Herrick-Hay, or Mr. Hay-Herrick?" asked the voice of Attwater. "Your back view from my present position is remarkably fine, and I would continue to present it. We can get on very nicely as we are, and if you were to turn round, do you know, I think it would be awkward."

Herrick slowly rose to his feet; his heart throbbed hard; a hideous excitement shook him, but he was master of himself. Slowly he turned, and faced Attwater and the muzzle of a pointed rifle. "Why could I not do that last night?" he thought.

"Well, why don't you fire?" he said aloud, with a voice that trembled.

Attwater slowly put his gun under his arm, then his hands in his pockets.

"What brings you here?" he repeated.

"I don't know," said Herrick; and then, with a cry, "Can you do anything with me?"

"Are you armed?" said Attwater. "I ask for the form's sake."

"Armed? No!" said Herrick. "Oh, yes, I am, too!"

And he flung upon the beach a dripping pistol.

"You are wet," said Attwater.

"Yes, I am wet," said Herrick. "Can you do anything with me?"

Attwater read his face attentively.

"It would depend a good deal upon what you are," said he.

"What I am? A coward!" said Herrick.

"There is very little to be done with that," said Attwater. "And yet the description hardly strikes one as exhaustive."

"Oh! what does it matter?" cried Herrick. "Here I am. I am broken crockery; I am a burst drum; the whole of my life is gone to water; I have nothing left that I believe in, except my living horror of myself. Why do I come to you? I don't know. You are cold, cruel, hateful; and I hate you, or I think I hate you. But you are an honest man, an honest gentleman. I put myself helpless in your hands. What must I do? If I can't do anything, be merciful, and put a bullet through me; it's only a puppy with a broken leg!"

"If I were you, I would pick up that pistol, come up to the house, and put on some dry clothes," said Attwater.

"If you really mean it?" said Herrick. "You know they—we—they—But you know all."

"I know quite enough," said Attwater. "Come up to the house."

And the captain, from the deck of the "Farallone," saw the two men pass together under the shadow of the grove.

CHAPTER XI.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

HUISH had bundled himself up from the glare of the day, his face to the house, his knees retracted. The frail bones in the thin tropical raiment

seemed scarce more considerable than a fowl's; and Davis, sitting on the rail, with his arm about a stay, contemplated him with gloom, wondering what manner of counsel that insignificant figure should contain. For since Herrick had thrown him off and deserted to the enemy, Huish, alone of mankind, remained to him to be a helper and oracle.

He considered their position with a sinking heart. The ship was a stolen ship; the stores, whether from initial carelessness or ill administration during the voyage, were insufficient to carry them to any port except back to Papeete; and there retribution waited in the shape of a *gendarme*, a judge with a queer-shaped hat, and the horror of distant Noumea. Upon that side there was no glimmer of hope. Here, at the island, the dragon was roused; Attwater with his men and his Winchesters watched and patrolled the house; let him who dare approach it. What else was then left but to sit there inactive, pacing the decks, until the "Trinity Hall" arrived, and they were cast into irons, or until the food came to an end, and the pangs of famine succeeded? For the "Trinity Hall" Davis was prepared. He would barricade the house, and die there, defending it, like a rat in a crevice. But for the other? The cruise of the "Farallone," into which he had plunged, only a fortnight before, with such golden expectations, could this be the nightmare end of it—the ship rotting at anchor, the crew stumbling and dying in the scuppers? It seemed as if any extreme of hazard were to be preferred to so grisly a certainty; as if it would be better to up-anchor, after all, put to sea at a venture, and perhaps perish at the hands of cannibals on one of the more obscure Paumotus. His eye roved swiftly over sea and sky in quest of any promise of wind, but the fountains of the trade were empty. Where it had run yesterday and for weeks before, a roaring blue river charioting clouds, silence now reigned, and the whole height of the atmosphere stood balanced. On the endless ribbon of island that stretched out to either hand of him its array of golden and green and silvery palms, not the most volatile frond was to be seen stirring; they drooped to their stable images in the lagoon like things carved of metal, and already their long line began to reverberate heat. There was no escape possible that day, none probable on the morrow. And still the stores were running out.

Then came over Davis, from deep down in the roots of his being, or at least from far back among his memories of childhood and innocence, a wave of superstition. This run of ill luck was something beyond natural; the chances of the game were in themselves more various; it seemed as if the devil must serve the pieces. The devil? He heard again the clear note of Attwater's bell ringing abroad into the night, and dying away. How, if God—?

Briskly he averted his mind. Attwater—that was the point. Attwater had food and a treasure of pearls; escape made possible in the present, riches in the future. They must come to grips with Attwater; the man must die. A smoky heat went over his face as he recalled the impotent figure he had made last night, and the contemptuous speeches he must bear in silence. Rage, shame, and the love of life all pointed the one way; and only invention halted. How to reach him? Had he strength enough? Was there any help in that misbegotten packet of bones against the house?

His eyes dwelt upon him with a strange avidity, as though he would read into his soul; and presently the sleeper moved, stirred uneasily, turned suddenly round, and threw him a blinking look. Davis maintained the same dark stare, and Huish looked away again and sat up.

"Lord, I've an 'eadache on me!" said he. "I believe I was a bit swipey last night. W'ere's that cry-byby, 'Errick?"

"Gone," said the captain.

"Ashore?" cried Huish. "Oh, I say! I'd 'a' gone, too."

"Would you?" said the captain.

"Yes, I would," replied Huish. "I like Hattwater; 'e's all right; we got on like one o'clock when you were gone. And ain't his sherry in it,

rather? It's like Spiers and Pond's Amontillado! I wish I 'ad a drain of it now," he sighed.

"Well, you'll never get no more of it, that's one thing," said Davis, gravely.

"'Ere! wot's wrong with you, Dyvis? Coppers 'ot? Well, look at *me!* *I* ain't grumpy," said Huish. "I'm as plyful as a canary bird, I am."

"Yes," said Davis, "you're playful, I own that; and you were playful last night, I believe, and a d——d fine performance you made of it."

"'Allo!" said Huish. "'Ow's this? Wot performance?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the captain, getting slowly off the rail.

And he did: at full length, with every wounding epithet and absurd detail repeated and emphasized. He had his own vanity and Huish's upon the grill and roasted them; and as he spoke he inflicted and endured agonies of humiliation. It was a plain man's masterpiece of the sardonic.

"What do you think of it?" said he, when he had done, and looked down at Huish, flushed and serious, and yet jeering.

"I'll tell you wot it is," was the reply, "you and me cut a pretty dicky figure."

"That's so," said Davis; "a pretty measly figure, by God! And, by God! I want to see that man at my knees."

"Ah!" said Huish. "'Ow to get him there?"

"That's it!" cried Davis. "How to get hold of him! They're four to two, though there's only one man among them to count, and that's Attwater. Get a bead on Attwater, and the others would cut and run and sing out like frightened poultry, and old man Herrick would come round with his hat for a share of the pearls. No, *sir!* It's how to get hold of Attwater! And we daren't even go ashore. He would shoot us in the boat like dogs."

"Are you particular about having him dead or alive?" asked Huish.

"I want to see him dead," said the captain.

"Ah, well," said Huish. "Then I believe I'll do a bit of breakfast."

And he turned into the house.

The captain doggedly followed him.

"What's this?" he asked. "What's your idea, anyway?"

"Oh, you let me alone, will you?" said Huish, opening a bottle of champagne. "You'll 'ear my idea soon enough. Wyte till I pour some cham on my 'ot coppers." He drank a glass off, and affected to listen. "'Ark!" said he, "'ear it fizz. Like 'am fryin', I declare. 'Ave a glass, do, and look sociable."

"No," said the captain, with emphasis. "No, I will not. There's business."

"You p'ys your money and you tykes your choice, my little man," returned Huish. "Seems rather a shyme to me to spoil your breakfast for wot's really ancient 'istory."

He finished three parts of a bottle of champagne and nibbled a corner of biscuit with extreme deliberation, the captain sitting opposite and champing the bit like an impatient horse. Then Huish leaned his arms on the table and looked Davis in the face.

"W'en you're ready," said he.

"Well, now, what's your idea?" said Davis, with a sigh.

"Fair play!" said Huish. "What's yours?"

"The trouble is that I've got none," replied Davis; and wandered for some time in aimless discussion of the difficulties in their path, and useless explanations of his own fiasco.

"About done?" said Huish.

"I'll dry up right here," replied Davis.

"Well, then," said Huish, "you give me your 'and across the table, and say: 'Gawd strike me dead if I don't back you up.'"

His voice was hardly raised, yet it thrilled the hearer. His face seemed the epitome of cunning, and the captain recoiled from it as from a blow.

"What for?" said he.

"Luck," said Huish. "Substantial guarantee demanded."

And he continued to hold out his hand.

"I don't see the good of any such tomfoolery," said the other.

"I do, though," returned Huish. "Gimme your 'and and say the words;

then you'll 'ear my view of it. Don't, and you don't."

The captain went through the required form, breathing short, and gazing on the clerk with anguish. What to fear he knew not; yet he feared slavishly what was to fall from the pale lips.

"Now, if you'll excuse me 'alf a second," said Huish, "I'll go and fetch the byby."

"The baby?" said Davis. "What's that?"

"Fragile. With care. This side up," replied the clerk with a wink, as he disappeared.

He returned, smiling to himself, and carrying in his hand a silk handkerchief. The long, stupid wrinkles ran up Davis's brow as he saw it. What should it contain? He could think of nothing more recondite than a revolver.

Huish resumed his seat.

"Now," said he, "are you man enough to take charge of 'Errick and the niggers? Because I'll take care of Hattwater."

"How?" cried Davis. "You can't!"

"Tut, tut," said the clerk. "You gimme time. Wot's the first point? The first point is, that we can't get ashore; and I'll make you a present of that for a 'ard one. But 'ow about a flag of truce? Would that do the trick, d'ye think, or would Hattwater simply blyze aw'y at us in the bloomin' boat like dawgs?"

"No," said Davis, "I don't believe he would."

"No more do I," said Huish. "I don't believe he would, either; and I'm sure I 'ope he won't. So then you can call us ashore. Next point is to get near the managin' direction. And for that I'm going to 'ave you write a letter, in w'ich you s'y you're ashymed to meet his eye, and that the bearer, Mr. J. L. 'Uish, is empowered to represent you; armed with w'ich seemin'ly simple expedient, Mr. J. L. 'Uish will proceed to business."

He paused, like one who had finished, but still held Davis with his eye.

"How?" said Davis. "Why?"

"Well, you see, you're big," returned Huish; "'e knows you 'ave a gun in your pocket, and anybody can see with 'alf an eye that you ain't the man to 'esitate about usin' it. So it's no go with you, and never was; you're out of the runnin', Dyvis. But he won't be afryde of me, I'm such a little un. I'm unarmed—no kid about that—and I'll 'old my 'ands up right enough." He paused. "If I can manage to sneak up nearer to him as we talk," he resumed, "you look out and back me up smart. If I don't, we go aw'y again, and nothink to 'urt. See?"

The captain's face was contorted by the frenzied effort to comprehend.

"No, I don't see," he cried. "I can't see. What do you mean?"

"I mean to do for the beast!" cried Huish, in a burst of venomous triumph. "I'll bring the 'ulkin' bully to grass. He's 'ad his larks out of me; I'm goin' to 'ave my lark out of 'im, and a good lark, too!"

"What is it?" said the captain, almost in a whisper.

"Sure you want to know?" asked Huish.

Davis rose and took a turn in the house.

"Yes, I want to know," he said at last, with an effort.

"W'en your back's at the wall, you do the best you can, don't you?" began the clerk. "I s'y that, because I 'appen to know there's a prejudice against it; it's considered vulgar, awf'ly vulgar." He unrolled the handkerchief and showed a four-ounce jar. "This 'ere's vitrol, this is," said he.

The captain stared upon him with a whitening face.

"This is the stuff!" he pursued, holding it up. "This 'll burn to the bone; you'll see it smoke upon 'im like 'ell-fire! One drop upon 'is bloomin' heyesight, and I'll trouble you for Hattwater!"

"No, no, by God!" exclaimed the captain.

"Now, see 'ere, ducky," said Huish, "this is my bean-feast, I believe? I'm goin' up to that man single-'anded, I am. 'E's about seven foot high and I'm five foot one. 'E's a rifle in his 'and, 'e's on the lookout; 'e wasn't born yesterday. This is Dyvid and Goliar, I tell you. If I 'ad ast you to walk up and face the music I could under-

stand. But I don't. I on'y ast you to stand by and spifflicate the niggers. It'll all come in quite natural; you'll see, else! Fust thing you know, you'll see him running round and 'owling like a good un—"

"Don't!" said Davis. "Don't talk of it!"

"Well, you *are* a juggins!" exclaimed Huish. "What did you want? You wanted to kill him, and tried to last night. You wanted to kill the 'ole lot of them, and tried to, and 'ere I show you 'ow; and because there's some medicine in a bottle, you kick up this fuss!"

"I suppose that's so," said Davis. "It don't seem someways reasonable, only there it is."

"It's the happlication of science, I suppose?" sneered Huish.

"I don't know what it is," cried Davis, pacing the floor, "it's there! I draw the line at it. I can't put a finger to no such piggishness. It's too d——d hateful!"

"And I suppose it's all your fancy pynted it," said Huish, "w'en you take a pistol and a bit o' lead, and copse a man's brains all over him? No account-in' for tystes."

"I'm not denying it," said Davis; "it's something here, inside of me. It's foolishness; I daresay it's d——d foolishness. I don't argue, I just draw the line. Isn't there no other way?"

"Look for yourself," said Huish. "I ain't wedded to this, if you think I am. I ain't ambitious. I don't make a point of playin' the lead. I offer to, that's all; and if you can't show me better, by Gawd, I'm goin' to!"

"Then the risk!" cried Davis.

"If you ast me straight, I should say it was a case of seven to one and no takers," said Huish. "But that's my lookout, ducky, and I'm gyme. Look at me, Dyvis; there ain't any shilly-shally about me. I'm gyme, that's wot I am; gyme all through."

The captain looked at him. Huish sat there, preening his sinister vanity, glorying in his precedency in evil; and the villainous courage and readiness of the creature shone out of him like a candle from a lantern. Dismay and a kind of respect seized hold on Davis in his own despite. Until that moment he had seen the clerk always hanging back, always listless, uninterested, and openly grumbling at a word of anything to do; and now, by the touch of an enchanter's wand, he beheld him sitting girt and resolved, and his face radiant. He had raised the devil, he thought, and asked who was to control him, and his spirits quailed.

"Look as long as you like," Huish was going on. "You don't see any green in my eye. I ain't afryde of Hattwater, I ain't afryde of you, and I ain't afryde of words. You want to kill people, that's wot *you* want; but you want to do it in kid gloves, and it can't be done that w'y. Murder ain't genteel, it ain't easy, it ain't safe, and it tykes a man to do it. 'Ere's the man."

"Huish!" began the captain with energy, and then stopped, and remained staring at him with corrugated brows.

"Well, hout with it," said Huish. "'Ave you anythink else to put up? Is there any other chanst to try?"

The captain held his peace.

"There you are, then," said Huish, with a shrug.

Davis fell again to his pacing.

"Oh, you may do sentry-go till you're blue in the mug; you won't find anythink else," said Huish.

There was a little silence; the captain, like a man launched on a swing, flying dizzily among extremes of conjecture and refusal.

"But see," he said, suddenly pausing. "Can you? Can the thing be done? It—it can't be easy."

"If I get within twenty foot of 'im it'll be done; so you look out," said Huish, and his tone of certainty was absolute.

"How can you know that?" broke from the captain in a choked cry. "You beast, I believe you've done it before!"

"Oh, that's private affyres," returned Huish. "I ain't a talking man."

A shock of repulsion struck and shook the captain. A scream rose almost to his lips; had he uttered it, he might have cast himself at the same moment on the debile body of Huish,

might have picked him up, and flung him down, and wiped the cabin with him, in a frenzy of cruelty that seemed half moral. But the moment passed, and the abortive crisis left the man weaker. The stakes were so high—the pearls on the one hand, starvation and shame on the other. Ten years of pearls! The imagination of Davis translated them into a new, glorified existence for himself and his family. The seat of this new life must be in London—there were deadly reasons against Portland, Maine—and the pictures that came to him were of English manners. He saw his boys marching in the procession of a school, with gowns on, an usher marshalling them, and reading, as he walked, in a great book. He was installed in a villa, semi-detached; the name, "Rosemore," on the gate-posts. In a chair on the gravel walk he seemed to sit smoking a cigar, a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, victor over himself and circumstances and the malignity of bankers. He saw the parlor with red curtains, and shells on the mantelpiece; and, with the fine inconsistency of visions, mixed a grog at the mahogany table ere he turned in. With that the "Farallone" gave one of the aimless and nameless movements which (even in an anchored ship and even in the most profound calm) remind one of the mobility of fluids; and he was back again under the cover of the house, the fierce daylight besieging it all round and glaring in the chinks, and the clerk, in a rather airy attitude, awaiting his decision.

He began to walk again. He aspired after the realization of these dreams, like a horse nickering for water; the lust of them burned in his inside; and the only obstacle was Attwater, who had insulted him from the first. He gave Herrick a full share of the pearls; he insisted on it. Huish opposed him, and he trod the opposition down, and praised himself exceedingly. He was not going to use vitriol himself. Was he Huish's keeper? It was a pity he had asked, but after all— He saw the boys again in the school procession, with the gowns he had thought to be so "tony" long since— And at the same time the incomparable shame of the last evening blazed up in his mind.

"Have it your own way," he said, hoarsely.

"Oh, I knew you would walk up," said Huish. "Now for the letter. There's paper, pens, and ink. Sit down and I'll dictyte."

The captain took a seat and the pen, looked awhile helplessly at the paper, then at Huish. The swing had gone the other way; there was a blur upon his eyes. "It's a dreadful business," he said, with a strong twitch of his shoulders.

"It's rather a start, no doubt," said Huish. "Tyke a dip of ink. That's it. *William John Hattwater, Esq., Sir:*" he dictated.

"How do you know his name is William John?" asked Davis.

"Saw it on a packing-case," said Huish. "Got that?"

"No," said Davis. "But there's another thing. What are we to write?"

"Oh, my golly!" cried the exasperated Huish. "Wot kind of man do *you* call yourself? *I'm* goin' to tell you wot to write—that's *my* pitch—if you'll just be so bloomin' condescendin' as to write it down! *William John Hattwater, Esq., Sir:*" he reiterated. And the captain at last beginning half mechanically to move his pen, the letter proceeded: "*It is with feelin's of shyme and 'artfelt contrition that I approach you after the yumiliatin' events of last night. Our Mr. 'Errick has left the ship, and will have doubtless communicated to you the nature of our 'opes. Needless to s'y, these are no longer possible. Fate 'as declyred against us, and we bow the 'ead. Well awyre as I am of the just suspicions with w'ich I am regarded, I do not venture to solicit the fyvor of an interview for myself; but in order to put an end to a situytion w'ich must be equally pyneful to all, I 'ave deputed my friend and partner, Mr. J. L. 'Uuish, to l'y before you my proposals, and w'ich by their moderytion, will, I trust, be found to merit your attention. Mr. J. L. 'Uuish is entirely unarmed, I swear to Gawd! and will 'old 'is 'ands over 'is 'ead from the moment he begins to approach you. I am your fythful servant, John Dyvis.*"

(*To be concluded in the July number.*)